W B Smith

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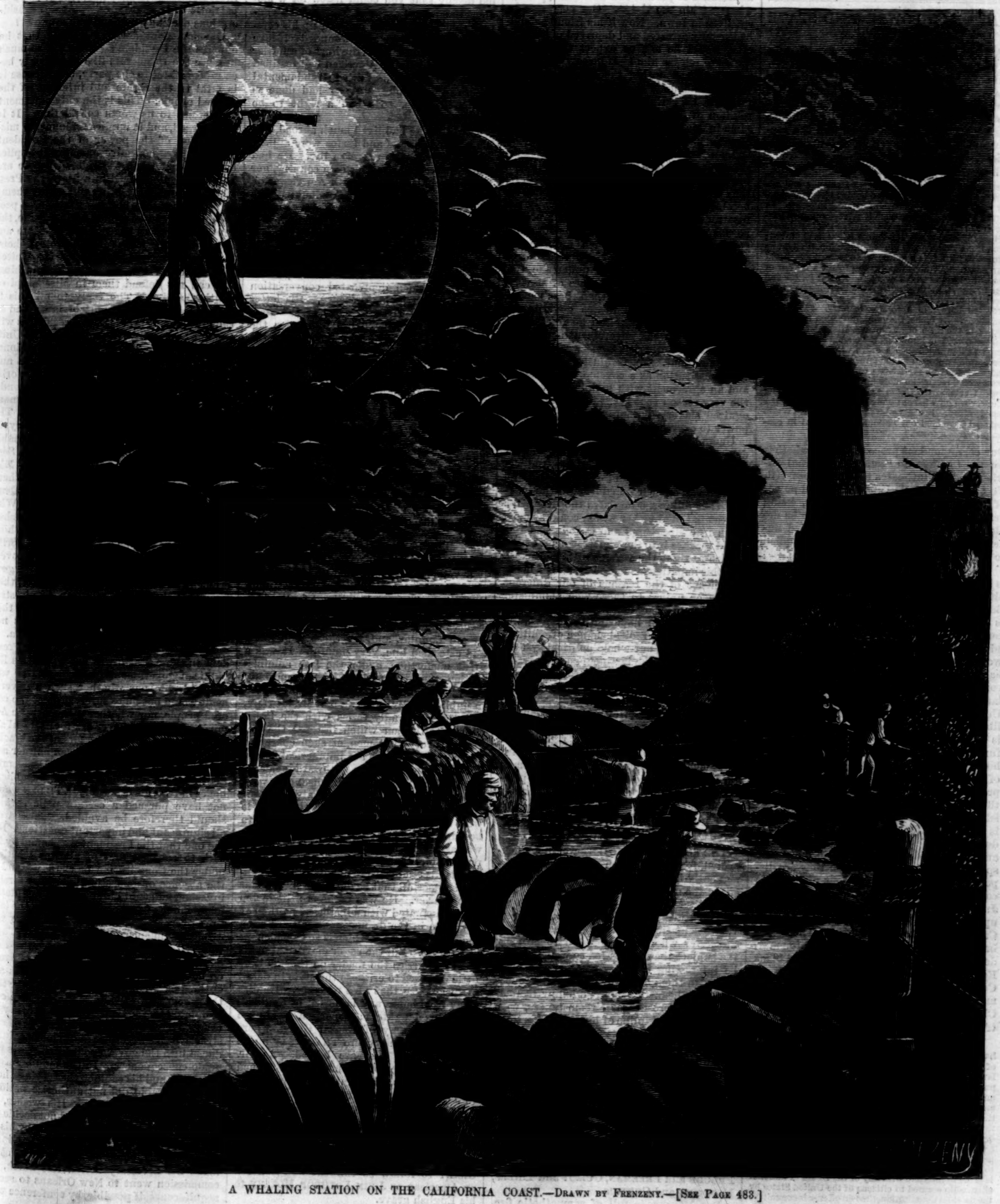

A WHALING STATION ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST.—DRAWN BY FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 483.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 23, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an attractive double-page engraving, entitled "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," and other interesting features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

NATIONAL POWER AND STATE RIGHTS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that in recent conversation with a stanch Union soldier, a Republican who voted for Hayes, he was amazed to hear him say that he hated the United States government. As he was a mild, temperate, and intelligent man, our correspondent asked him the reason of so extraordinary an outburst. His friend replied as follows:

> "The United States government is traditionally unjust and morally pusillanimous. It claims and enforces the right to tax me, also holds extreme authority over my life, property, and dearest interests. In return for this great sacrifice it *professes* to give protection to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' If it really gave this protection, it might be approved; even if it tried *earnestly* to give protection, it might be excusable; but it is a notorious and striking fact that our government does not try to protect a citizen of the United States *on our own soil*. Except for tax and war purposes, it takes not the slightest notice of the most important interests of a citizen, unless he steps over the border to a foreign country. *Then* he *is* somebody. At home, the only protection he can expect is in the form of an 'investigating committee'—*mere words*. You know that if I should be foully murdered and tumbled into a grave with my boots on, there would not even be the farce of a coroner's jury; and an appeal by my friends to the general government would receive no more attention than if I was a dog. I entered the Union army as a private, hoping the war would wipe out our national disgrace; but I was deceived. Ever since I was mustered out at Washington I have held our national government in contempt. *It is a fraud.*"

Our correspondent proceeds to ask whether we are to have no "genuine national patriotism," and intimates that he agrees with Von Holst in regretting the limited power of the United States government, being very sure that all which is most to be deplored for the country will be effected under the doctrine of "home rule" as applied to States.

Whether our present form of government is inadequate for a nation is a fair question, although it is as old as our national history. But our correspondent will observe that this is not the complaint of his friend. That complaint is not that the present form is inadequate, but that it is fraudulent; in other words, that it does not accomplish what it has the power and what it professes to accomplish. His friend, remembering the Declaration of Independence, insists that the Union promises to give protection to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He is mistaken. Our bond of union and our fundamental law is the Constitution. We hope, under that, to attain the good things of the Declaration, but, of course, they can be procured—until "Sionara" has his way and the hundred-year-old Constitution is abolished—only as it provides. The government is not a fraud for not doing what it not only does not profess to do, but what it has no authority for doing. We invite our correspondent and his friend, when they are disposed to think the government recreant, to consider carefully the words of the Chief Justice of the United States, in his charge upon the Ellenton conspiracy case in South Carolina, on the 1st of June. There had been, unquestionably, the most wanton murders. White Democrats had murdered black Republicans in cold blood. The Kemper County massacre, in Mississippi, was not a more monstrous wrong. What says the Chief Justice, one of the most upright, patriotic, just, and humane of men?

> "However much you may deprecate the acts which have been described by the witnesses, the punishment of those guilty of them has been committed by the law to other courts than this. The power for that purpose exists in the government of the State, and, under our political system, the courts of that government can alone be resorted to for the trial and conviction of such offenders.... That a number of citizens of the United States have been killed, there can be no question; but that is not enough to enable the government of the United States to interfere for their protection. Under the Constitution that duty belongs to the State alone; but when an unlawful combination is made to interfere with any of the rights of national citizenship secured to citizens of the United States by the national Constitution, then an offense is committed against the laws of the United States, and it is not only the right but the absolute duty of the national government to interfere, and to afford to its citizens that protection which every good government is bound to give."

This is, without question, the true interpretation of the nature of our government. If it is a poor and weak system, if it ought to be very different, if it allows people to be killed with their boots on and hustled into a hole without inquiry, it is indeed a system greatly to be deplored, but it is in no sense fraudulent. It may surprise our correspondent's friend to learn, what is, however, unquestionably true, that if the President had ordered the Chief Justice to try and punish the Ellenton murderers for murder, the Chief Justice would have refused, for the President would have attempted a revolution, and would have been summarily impeached.

We speak of this feeling of our correspondent's friend because it is a very common feeling, yet one which a little reflection would correct. He says, and many other persons think, that the national government undertakes to protect life and liberty every where within the Union. Our correspondent lives in Iowa. Now if his friend should be illegally arrested and deprived of his liberty, would he ask or expect the United States to release him? If he saw one of his neighbors attempting the life of another, would he summon the United States to the rescue? He certainly would not. But the relation of the national government is the same to South Carolina that it is to Iowa or New York. If the States of South Carolina or Louisiana or Mississippi suffer such massacres as those of Kemper County or Ellenton or Feliciana to remain unpunished, if they suffer black citizens to be assassinated because they are black, and practically refuse redress, they show that they are barbarous communities totally unfit for self-government; but even such unredressed atrocities do not authorize the United States, under the Constitution, to undertake the remedy. The crimes and woes of slavery were indescribably worse than these massacres, but the United States government could not let the oppressed go free. Perhaps it was a weak government because it had not such authority, but it was certainly not fraudulent. Mr. Garrison denounced the Constitution as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, but it was for the very reason that in his judgment it recognized slavery, but provided no national power to overthrow it.

Undoubtedly the spectacle of such murders and oppressions as have been seen in many parts of the Southern States, and the amazing acquiescence of the more intelligent classes of their population in the inaction that follows, stimulates the desire for a great national power which could at once reach into Mississippi and Carolina as England reaches into the remotest nook of her empire to right the wrongs of her citizens. But this impatience must not make us heedless either of the reasons of our different system or unjust to those who administer the government under it. The establishment of such an immediate and absolute power involves a radical change of political principle and of our whole political system. It is contrary to the instincts and the traditions of America. It tends to remove power from the neighborhood to the capital, and to destroy the sentiment of self-dependence which is the mainspring of a true popular republic. We agree with our correspondent that the principle of "State rights" and "home rule" has been abused to a point that menaced national existence and human liberty. But we do not agree that the principle is unsound, or that it must of necessity be abused.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

The death of Mr. Motley was not unexpected, for he had been seriously and permanently ill for some time. We lose in him one of the most striking and brilliant figures in our literary world—a historian whose vitality, enthusiasm, and picturesque vigor are very fascinating. If, as is now said, it was Prescott who first suggested to Motley the subject that he treated so well, it would be interesting to know whether the elder historian thought of the curious differences between them. Prescott's happy temperament and prosperous circumstances, with the terrible discipline of his one misfortune, gave his writing that even and judicial tone which is called both a charm and a defect. There is a certain superior tranquil poise in his story, an absence of vehement feeling or preference, which suggests to many minds a cold and smooth indifference, which, in an American at least, is felt to be peculiarly a fault. There is no doubt, certainly, that Prescott's historical tone is less modern than that of his contemporaries—than Bancroft and Motley, Macaulay and Grote, Froude and Freeman, Guizot and Thiers, Mommsen and Curtius.

But Motley is full of sympathetic fire. If Macaulay's *England* is an eloquent Whig pamphlet, Motley's *Dutch Republic* is an impassioned plea for civil and religious liberty. It glows and palpitates with conviction. Its impetuous expression and its eager preferences and hostilities throw a vivid light all through the times and events with which he deals, make the fierce old politics of the Protestant struggle live again, and kindle the reader with all the fever of party spirit. It is hardly possible that Mr. Seward had ever read Motley's histories, or he could not have reproached him with M'Cracken's wretched tattle that he despised American democracy. It was unworthy of Seward; it was unlike him. He was then under the malign spell of Andrew Johnson. Mr. Motley was wholly a gentleman, and it is easy to fancy both his haughty disdain and his hot anger at such treatment. "This is so pitiful a fabrication that I blush while I denounce it," wrote the historian, as with a flash of fire: "that I have called Mr. Seward 'hopelessly degraded' is a vile calumny, and it wounds me deeply that you could listen for a moment to such a falsehood." And with contemptuous indignation he flung up his commission. It was not merely wounded self-love that stirred him; it was the hurt of a loftier pride. If any living American had testified before the world his faith in fundamental American principles, Motley had done so in his histories. He had a right to be angry.

Doubtless he had lived much abroad, and his personal habits and tastes were adjusted in many ways to foreign life. He had not seen very much of his own country, nor had he mingled largely with Americans of all kinds. His loyalty was undoubtedly to the American idea, but for that very reason, possibly, it was all the purer and more fervent, and any challenge of it was the more irritating. During the winter before the attack on Sumter, so earnest and uncompromising was Motley's tone in England that Englishmen deprecated conversation upon America in his presence. His letter to the London *Times* was one of the most timely and effective moral blows for the American cause. The same spirit, after the war ended, imperiously silenced at his own table in Boston any doubtful or hesitating allusion to the contest. And all this quality is in his history. Ardent, aggressive, affluent, picturesque, enthusiastic, unsparing, he marshals his array, and the half-perished forms of a vanished day spring into life, and move, ruddy and alert, along his pages.

It is grievous to think that, had he declined the diplomatic career, he might have finished his story of the Thirty Years' War. But it is a useless regret. Of a singular social genius, with unusual accomplishment and great personal charm, keenly alive to the delight of distinction, and with a taste for political and diplomatic life undoubtedly developed and nourished by his historical studies, he entered with great zest upon its duties. The result, without fault of his own, was very unfortunate. The circumstances under which both his missions ended are familiar, and, for those who knew and esteemed him, very painful. It was a great misfortune, under the late administration, that the two men who especially represented high education and cultivation in public life, Mr. Sumner and Mr. Motley, were on unfriendly terms with the President—a situation which fostered the unhappy theory that men of such character and accomplishment are impracticable and unreasonable. But the untoward incidents in the career of Motley will disappear with those now living, who must always view them with personal feeling. His fame is with his works, and they are not likely to be superseded or forgotten. His industry was assiduous, and his power of acquisition remarkable. He made thorough researches, and as his studies were devoted to one general subject, all that he did made subsequent doing easier. He was perhaps a little too much fascinated with a historical method of narration in the dramatic form, based upon that literal citation which is so conspicuous in Froude. But the eager movement of his story so hurries the reader on that he is as little disposed to criticise the style in detail as to analyze that of a romance. He dies away from home, and is buried in England, where his daughters are married, and in the famous cemetery of Kensal Green, where his wife lies, and where Thackeray and a host of noted men are buried. As Mr. Motley was one of the most distinguished of Americans, so that, in a sense, his country is his chief mourner, and as he had been a recent predecessor of the present American minister in England, it would have been a very proper and graceful act had the American representative turned for a moment from the festivities in honor of General Grant to follow so eminent and honored an American as John Lothrop Motley to his English grave.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

The letter of General Butler to Marshal Pitkin, of Louisiana—like his remarks to an interviewer some time ago—the letter of Mr. Wade, the speeches of Senator Blaine at the close of the late session, the equally free speech of many Republican papers, and the letter of Senator Morton, are all signs of the effect of the President's course upon the Republican party. The contempt of General Butler, the indignation of Mr. Wade, the incredulity of Senator Blaine, the doubt and amazement of the papers, and the appeal for party unity of Senator Morton, reveal a serious party disturbance. It is enough, say some ardent Republicans, that the Democrats approve what he does. But that is an argument which works both ways. If Butler and Butlerism oppose the Administration, is that not a good reason for supporting it? If ex-Senators Patterson and Cameron and Chandler are lukewarm toward it, Whittier and Higginson, original abolitionists, are not. Is it not true that those Republicans who are more intent upon patriotic than upon purely partisan considerations cordially applaud and approve?

One opponent declares warmly that he opposes the President's course not so much because the Democrats like it, nor only because it is fatal to the party, but because it is fatal to the rights and interests of the colored people. This is the only statement that seems to us worth considering. It is often urged, and it implies an immense misconception of the power of the President or of the national government. It implies a theory that when the colored people are harassed and outraged in a State, the President can order the army to protect them; or it assumes that because the colored people are likely to be oppressed in a State, the President ought to recognize the State authorities which will probably protect them. It is vehemently asserted that the United States defend their citizens in Cochin China, but can not defend them in Mississippi or South Carolina. The reply to all this is that this is a government of laws, and if the laws do not protect, the President's will can not be substituted for them. The United States have intrusted to the national government exclusive power to protect any citizen of any State any where in the world. But they have equally defined the conditions under which alone that government may enter authoritatively into a State. The maintenance of Republican supremacy in every Southern State may be indispensable to the protection of the colored people. Senator Morton says that in Alabama and Mississippi, as in other Southern States, there is a clear Republican majority, but a Democratic majority is always returned. Why was the late Administration not reproached for abandoning the colored people in those States? If there be a Republican majority in all those States, and if it has been overcome by methods which the national government has the authority to control, then we admit that the Republican Administration has been guilty. But if it had not that authority in the other States, it does not have it in Louisiana and South Carolina.

The question that confronted the President in those States was not whether a Republican government in them was or was not desirable, nor whether such a government would not more surely protect the colored people, nor whether a Democratic Administration would ever ask for national aid to put down white oppressors of the blacks, nor whether there had not been murder and terror, nor whether a united Democratic South would not be fatal to Republican hopes in 1880, nor whether Mr. Tilden would not have pursued a certain policy, which should therefore be avoided. These were all significant and important questions. But the one that the President was bound by his oath to consider first of all was whether, under the Constitution or the laws, and in the absence of domestic violence or foreign invasion, he could enter a State and determine which of two contestants was the lawful Governor. It is urged that there was domestic violence. Where was it? There was bitter hostility, there were armed organizations, there was a deep sense of wrong on both sides, there had been murders and outbreaks. Will any honest man allege that these constitute the domestic violence contemplated by the Constitution? If they do, then we have the monstrous doctrine of constructive insurrection and violence introduced into the government, with all its palpable consequences. In the opinion of the President and his cabinet, these things, however deplorable, did not authorize national intervention in a State. His wishes, his sympathies, his regrets, could not decide the question. He was morally bound by his interpretation of the law, and in that interpretation his counsellors agreed. Yet to make his necessary action less harsh, the commission went to New Orleans to secure acquiescence, if possible, by conference with all sides, and to remove, if practicable, all question of the propriety of the withdrawal of the troops.

It is asked whether Republicans would have supported Mr. Tilden in pursuing the same policy. Undoubtedly those who support it now would have supported it then. Doubtless, also, the party would have divided, as it has now, and as it divided upon the question of organizing the Louisiana Legislature three years ago, and upon the Force Bill in Mississippi. The immense difference in the same action under a Democratic Administration and under a Republican Administration is that, under Democratic auspices, it would have been the result of a mere party victory, and would have intensified the bitterness of sectional hostility, while as a Republican policy it tends to sweep away sectional jealousy and to temper party hate—two things of paramount importance. It is useless to insist that the old slave-masters can not be placated, because politics that proceed upon the theory that half the country is the irreconcilable enemy of the other half are very foolish and dangerous politics. It is precisely such doctrines that gave weight in many honest minds to the assertion that there was a Republican "plot" and "conspiracy" after the last election to retain possession of the government. No one who has watched political affairs attentively during the last few years could have doubted that when a Republican Administration should seriously propose reform in any direction, it would encounter a powerful opposition within the party. The dispatches upon Babcock's acquittal were an epitome of the situation during all last year. The old policy and leadership had well-nigh ruined the party, and the President not only seems to us quite as patriotic and wise, but quite as true a Republican, in the best sense, and quite as sagacious and safe a leader, as those who most severely or contemptuously oppose his views.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

The remonetization of the "dollar of our fathers," meaning the silver dollar, is not necessarily more desirable than the restoration of the stage-coach or the cocked hat or the flint musket of our fathers. That under certain circumstances they may have been serviceable, does not prove that under other circumstances they would be equally serviceable. This kind of sentimental appeal upon the subject is like that of the paper inflationists, who declare, with a fine air of patriotism, that the greenbacks were good enough to pay the boys in blue, and they ought to be good enough to pay the bloated bond-holders. The simple practical question of the "remonetization" of silver as an equal legal tender with gold is, whether silver now has or can be made to have such a definite and fixed value as to satisfy the conditions of a stable medium of exchange. Constant fluctuation in the value of a coin evidently destroys its serviceability as permanent money, and if the consequence of the restoration of silver as a legal tender should be that it would enable a man to pay less than a dollar for a dollar's value in goods or labor, it would be a wrong and a calamity to the whole community.

The remonetization argument is that the silver dollar of our fathers was equally with gold a satisfactory tender, and that what is called the double standard was unquestionably accepted in this country until 1873. But this assertion is not true. The second minority report of the Silver Commission, signed by Professor Francis Bowen, of Massachusetts, and Representative Randall L. Gibson, of Louisiana, states, as the result of careful, thorough, and responsible examination of the whole subject:

> "The so-called double standard is an illusion and an impossibility. The prolonged attempts made both by France and the United States to establish such a standard have been complete failures, causing much confusion and inconvenience, necessitating frequent changes of legislation, and resulting only in the alternate establishment of one or the other precious metal as the sole standard."

The reason of this is that when two metals are selected as the medium of exchange, it is practically impossible to retain an unfluctuating relation of value between them. The qualities that fit them to be such a medium are not and can not be precisely the same. For instance, they can not be always produced in the proper proportion; they can not be of equal bulk and portability, nor equally resist damage; and the discontinuance of one of them as a legal tender by demonetization in any great country must seriously affect its value. Now within a few years the annual average product of silver for the whole world has been doubled, while the British Indian demand for it has been greatly diminished; Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway have demonetized it; and France, Holland, and other states have limited its coinage. These fluctuations may or may not have permanently depreciated the value of silver, but they have evidently destroyed its present fitness as a standard of value.

Moreover, it is not true that the system of a double legal tender was practically successful in this country. It is perfectly safe to assume that if it had been so, it would not have been abandoned in 1873. If it had been found universally convenient and practicable, there would have been a general protest against its abandonment. As this was not made, it is now alleged that the repeal was "sprung upon the country." How incorrect this assertion is we showed last summer by a simple statement of the facts in regard to the passage of the bill. The original draft of the bill, as Mr. Knox, the Controller of the Currency, mentions in his report, was made in 1869. It was introduced in the Senate in April, 1870. It was eight months in the Senate, and it was twenty-five months before it passed the House, becoming a law two years and nine months after its introduction. Besides, the dollar of our fathers was never in general use in the country, and for many reasons. The Constitution undoubtedly provides that no State shall "make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts." But it is also true that from the passage of the coinage act of 1792 until the act of 1873 the coinage of silver dollars amounted only to something more than $8,000,000. The silver dollar of our fathers is now worth less than paper. If national good faith and common honesty require that at the earliest moment the promise of the paper be kept, how can it possibly be done by substituting what is of less value? When the promise to pay a dollar was made, was it a promise to pay one thing, or did it reserve a right to choose between two things, one of which might be less valuable than the other? In his excellent "A B C of Finance," published in this paper more than a year ago, Professor Newcomb says what should now be well understood in this country:

> "In reality, calling a thing one dollar, and legalizing it as such, no more makes it the equivalent of a gold dollar or of any thing else in value than calling it a foot will make it a foot long, no matter what its real length may be."

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

There is no more important class of citizens than the common-school teachers of the city of New York, and whatever tends to expose them to the caprice of unintelligent counsels is a public calamity. The Governor of the State is bent upon economy, and for that reason, as alleged by him, he has vetoed various propositions of the Legislature. But no one knows better than he that mere saving is not necessarily economy. This is a principle to be carefully considered in determining the salaries of the teachers, and disregard of it was the evil of the provision which intrusted the regulation of the salaries to any body less especially interested and practically versed in the question of the schools than the Board of Education. That is the body to which the regulation of salaries naturally and properly belongs, and with which it may most safely be left. The reduction of last year was cruel and ill-considered, yet it was a result not unlikely to follow an unwise delegation of authority. The apprehension that this evil might be perpetuated led to the presentation of petitions, signed by the most experienced and influential friends of education and of the schools, asking that the subject of salaries should be intrusted to the Board of Education, and that the Board of Apportionment should have no voice in it.

Such a provision is now before the Governor for approval, and we trust that he will not withhold his assent. It is in the highest sense a public and patriotic, and not a partisan, question, and there is really no argument against the provision which is worthy of serious refutation. The teachers, who are naturally deeply interested in the matter, propose, as we understand, soon to hold a reception, at which the reason of the law will be fully and clearly set forth. No board can be so familiar with the real value of the services of the teachers as the Board of Education. It is its peculiar function to understand the condition and requirements of the schools, and the public will be satisfied with the decisions of that board, as it can not be with the action upon such a point of any other.

POLITICAL RIBALDRY.

The reply of General Butler to the letter of Mr. Wayne M'Veagh, whom he had accused, by hearsay, of intrigue and bribery in New Orleans, is an illustration of the cost at which honorable men in this country take part in public affairs. General Butler wrote to Marshal Pitkin, of Louisiana, that "it is an open secret here, as I am informed," that Mr. M'Veagh had intrigued with Colonel Wharton to persuade Republicans "to desert from Packard and go over to Nicholls." General Butler added, "It is also asserted that $2000 was to be paid to the leading deserting legislators, and only $200 to others;" and he spoke of "the instrument selected by Mr. M'Veagh to do this piece of business," and of "M'Veagh's bargain." To this allegation of corruption and intrigue Mr. M'Veagh instantly and conclusively responded with a complete denial, opposing the word of an honorable man to General Butler's insinuation, and therefore wholly disposing of the slander.

To this curt and crushing letter General Butler has written a long and rambling reply. He could not answer Mr. M'Veagh, for the letter of that gentleman was unanswerable, having his character behind it. But in place of answering, instead of even attempting to sustain his "information" by any proof, General Butler fills a column of a newspaper with personal insults and insinuations against Mr. M'Veagh, in which the most sacred private relations are not spared. Such a performance is in itself, of course, contemptible, but it is an illustration of what is to be expected from an unscrupulous political opponent. It is precisely this kind of thing which deters so many honorable and decent men from that courageous participation in politics which is the condition of the happy continuance of our government. They can deal with argument, but not with asafetida. If the condition of practically engaging in public affairs is that your family shall be insulted, decent men wish to forbear.

Yet, after all, it is a poor courage that will not face ribaldry for the sake of the general welfare. Bravoes in politics, as elsewhere, prevail only by the forbearance of brave men. Governor Andrew and Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson and Rockwood Hoar, in General Butler's own State, although knowing his [illegible], did not quail before them, and Massachusetts—the character and intelligence which give that name its glory—understands him thoroughly. The way to deal with Butlerism is that which they and Mr. M'Veagh have pursued—to cut out its fangs, and smile at its hiss.

PERSONAL.

At the examination of cadets at West Point recently there was a light-artillery drill, which is always a prime feature on those occasions. The rapidity with which the pieces were discharged excited the special admiration of General Maxey, an old graduate, and Bishop Quintard, who stood by his side. "Ah!" said the general, "I have seen that kind of drill under very different circumstances." "So have I," replied Bishop Quintard. "I saw some pretty hot work of that kind at the battle of Perryville. And it reminds me of a curious circumstance at that battle. I stood upon a mound between the Confederate artillery under command of Captain William W. Cairnes, on my right, and the Union guns commanded by Colonel Charles C. Parsons, on my left. Afterward, when I became Bishop of Tennessee, the first person I confirmed was Captain Cairnes, and I ordained Colonel Parsons, who gave up the military life to become a priest of the Episcopal Church."

—Apropos of the retirement of Secretary Fish from the position he so ably filled during the administration of General Grant, the following reminiscence is pleasant enough to be reproduced: When Mr. Fish was United States Senator, he kept house in Washington, and entertained in the hospitable manner for which he has always been distinguished. One day a party of friends called to look at the newly painted portraits of his children. Mr. Haven, the witty member of the House from Erie County, was among the visitors. As they stood looking at the pictures, a guest whispered, "*Sardines.*" "Yes," replied Havens, "*little fish done up in oil.*"

—Senator Morton, as he appears at home, is pleasantly sketched in the Cincinnati *Gazette:* He sits on a large cushioned chair, crosses his legs, and writes upon a small board which he balances upon his knee. To the ordinary writer the rapidity with which he dashes off a letter is simply amazing. He uses ruled paper, but has a contempt for the lines. Yet his writing is easily read, revealing in its irregular curves and bold strokes something of the character of the man. In the afternoon he usually rides for an hour or two, and again immediately after supper. Usually he retires at 10, and in the morning is ready for callers by 8.30. He is a methodical man, and so accomplishes a great deal. The newspapers read in the twenty-four hours are numberless. Nothing escapes his eye or memory. He is a great reader of books. "Berry, bring me up a book," is a parting injunction to Berry Sulgrove, the Nestor of Indiana journalists. He has the same faculty of going through a book as Macaulay, and his reading is quite as desultory. History, essay, biography, fiction—any thing and every thing is devoured with a relish and a rush.

—This "personal" is told of Mr. Blackmore, the novelist, who is so painstaking in his work that he takes two years to each fiction. In his school-days he was notable as a walker and boxer, and at college was famous with the gloves, and there were few professionals with whom he had not fought, and floored. Being in Glamorganshire, he was tempted to go to a fair, and went inside a booth to see what the bills described as "the celebrated deaf and dumb boxer from Whitechapel." Before the sparring began, the parsonic visitor discovered that the "deaf and dumb boxer" was his friend, the rector of an adjoining parish, who, having beaten all the boxers of Devonshire, had gone forth in search of fresh faces to play upon.

—Professor Tyndall is the last "Celebrity at Home" sketched in the London *World:* "An active, wiry, keen-eyed man, full of vigor and decision, endowed with a singularly sweet and musical voice, and a manner almost caressing in its suavity. He lives aloft in rooms in the Royal Institution. With a loving and reverent hand he has marked every article used by Faraday, who occupied the apartments before him. A tiny brass plate tells that this ample arm-chair once held the philosopher who first magnetized a ray of light and discovered magneto-electricity. Faraday, however, was no friend of arm-chairs—at least for working in—much preferring an upright desk and a singularly uncomfortable high stool, also treasured by Professor Tyndall. In a corner, behind a bust of Thomas Carlyle, presented by him to his 'ever-helpful' friend, hangs the famous barometer used during his Alpine tour by the handsome Cornish philosopher, whose eyes, as the ladies remarked, 'were made for something better than poring over crucibles.' In this little room Davy and Faraday recorded the experiments made in the laboratory below, and in it Professor Tyndall is very much 'at home' indeed during the scientific season. When that exciting period is over, he invariably starts for Switzerland, having found there for the last nineteen or twenty summers health, relaxation, and a strong influx of fresh ideas. By next season he will have built himself a 'mountain home' among his beloved peaks and glaciers. The spot he has selected is in the centre of a region of unrivaled beauty and interest. It was to this place that Professor Tyndall last summer conducted his bride, to the great delight of that lady, whose skill as a cragswoman is a source of infinite pride to her husband. When the professor lectures at the Royal Institution the theatre is crowded, not, as might be supposed, by blue-stockings, severe as to look and angular as to outline, by ancient men with long black hair, and younger aspirants with bulbous foreheads, but with the men and women of the great world, the people who help to make society and history."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A tornado swept across Southern Illinois on the afternoon of the 4th, causing great loss of life and property. At Mount Carmel twenty-two persons were killed and a large number injured. More than one hundred and twenty buildings were destroyed, including the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, two school-houses, the court-house, and several stores and residences. At Mattoon several buildings were unroofed or overturned.

Governor B. F. Prescott, of New Hampshire, was inaugurated on the 7th.

The civil suit of the city and county of New York against Peter B. Sweeny was compromised, on the 6th, by the agreement of the executors of the estate of James M. Sweeny to pay the sum of $400,000.

The Ohio State Greenback Convention met at Columbus on the 6th. Thirty delegates were present. The platform demanded the unconditional repeal of the Specie Resumption Act. Stephen Johnson was nominated for Governor, and John B. Powell for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: During the night of the 29th ult. the Russians defeated and routed Moussa Pasha's Circassians at Bekli Ahmed, near Kars. Bekli Ahmed was burned. As a precautionary measure, the garrison at Kars has been put on half-rations.—The Turks admit that they have not retaken Ardaban.—Constantinople dispatches of the 4th inst. report that Mukhtar Pasha has established his head-quarters at Henprikay, about thirty miles east of Erzerum, for the purpose of barring the advance of the Russian left wing from Toprak-Kaleh. Ismail Hakki, commandant at Erzerum, has taken a position near Kizil-Kilissa, between Bardess and the Soghanlu Pass, to meet the Russian centre and right advancing by way of Soghanlu and Olti.—The Vienna correspondent of the London *Standard* gives the following from an "unimpeachable source:" "Grand Duke Nicholas recently said to a foreign consul, 'Neither Prince Bismarck nor Lord Derby will prevent us from entering Constantinople as the Germans entered Paris, only to leave it again.'"—There was a battle, on the 5th, at Maljat, between the Montenegrins and the Turks. The former claim the latter were defeated with the loss of 500 men. The Turks also claim the victory.—In the British House of Commons, on the 5th, a dispatch was laid on the table addressed by Lord Derby to Lord Lyons, British embassador at Paris. It was dated the 16th ult. Lord Derby informs Lord Lyons that Great Britain had declined the proposal of M. De Lesseps to keep open the Suez Canal to all nations, and had intimated to Russia that an attempt to blockade or otherwise interfere with the canal or its approaches would be regarded by England as a menace to India and a grave injury to the commerce of the world, incompatible with the maintenance of the British attitude of passive neutrality. At the same time it was intimated to the Porte and the Khedive that England was firmly determined not to permit the canal to be made the scene of any combat or other warlike operations.—The Czar, accompanied by Prince Gortchakoff, Baron Jomini, and Privy Councillor Hamburger, arrived at Ploiesti, thirty-five miles north of Bucharest, on the 5th.—According to a Montenegrin dispatch of the 5th, the Turks that day attacked the position of General Motrovics on Martmitza. They fell into a trap, and were completely repulsed, leaving over 1000 dead. The Montenegrins lost about fifty killed.—The following is the Turkish account of the position of affairs in Asia Minor on the 6th inst.: "Mukhtar Pasha's head-quarters, with nine battalions, were at Koprikos. The Turkish right, consisting of twenty battalions, was at Delibaba. The Turkish left wing, sixteen battalions, was at Gurdji and Boggaze, about six hours' march from Erzerum." (The same account only assigns four batteries of artillery to these forty-five battalions, which seems incredible, though it has been repeatedly stated from various sources that the Turks in Asia Minor were almost destitute of artillery.) This report places the main body of the Russian right wing at Olti, with an advanced guard near Nariman, and the Russian centre at Soghanlu Dagh. The Russian left has suspended its forward movement. A Russian detached column is approaching Van, and has reached the bridge of Bendimahon, twenty miles from Van. The Turkish embassador at Paris telegraphed to Constantinople, and received the following from Safvet Pasha: "It is not true that the situation of our army is precarious, nor that Kars is invested, nor that Moussa Pasha's cavalry was destroyed."

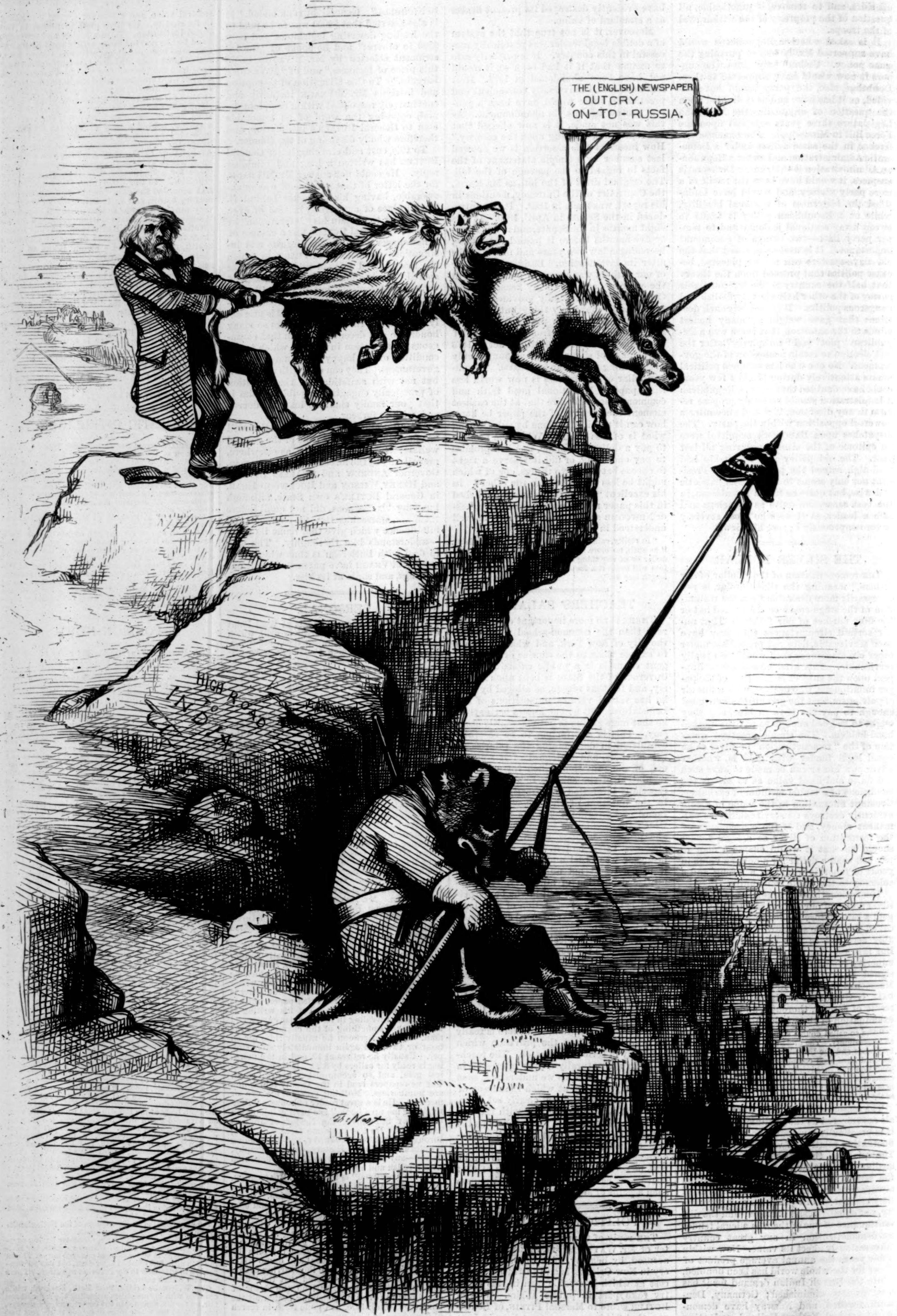
The King of Abyssinia accepted the conditions proposed by Gordon Pasha, and peace has been concluded between Egypt and Abyssinia.

Sophia Frederika Matilda, Queen of the Netherlands, died on the 3d, aged fifty-nine years.

The Peruvian rebel turret ship *Huascar* having committed piratical acts against British subjects, her Majesty's ships *Shah* and *Amethyst* engaged her off Ylo on the 29th ult. She escaped after dark, but was so damaged as to surrender to the Peruvian squadron. There were no British casualties.

The Widcombe bridge, near Bath, England, while crowded with excursionists attending the agricultural fair, on the 6th, snapped in the centre, and, giving way, precipitated the whole mass of people thirty feet into the river Avon. Twenty were drowned and fifty-one injured.

The receipts of the Vatican from the Pope's Jubilee amounted to about $1,300,000 in gold, besides other valuable presents.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BRITISH INTEREST.

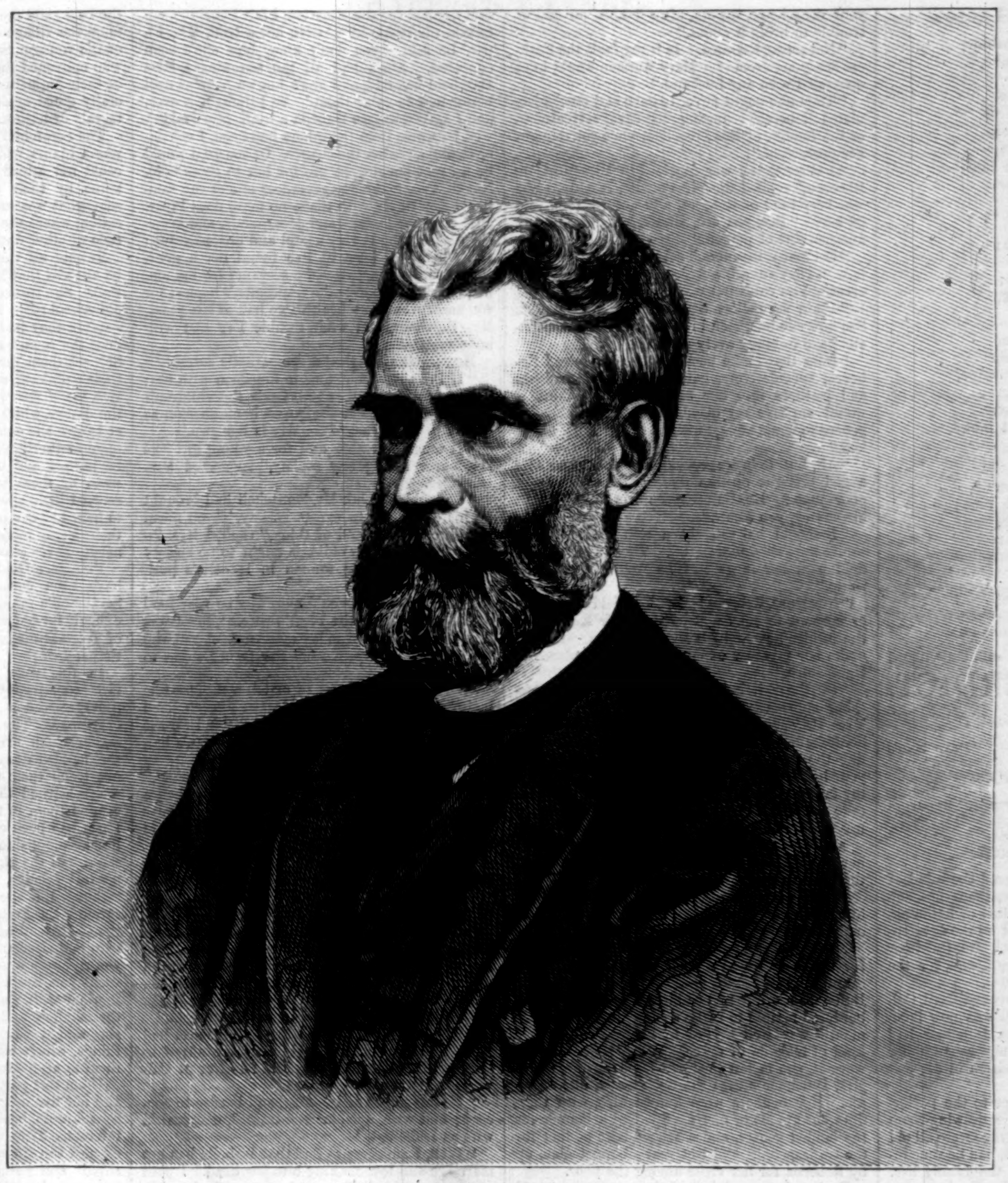
T. Carlyle. "Look before you leap."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

This eminent historian and diplomatist died of paralysis on the 29th of May, at Kingston-Russell House, Dorsetshire, England, the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. **Algernon Sheridan**.

Mr. **Motley** was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 15, 1814. He received a careful education, and graduated at Harvard College in 1831, the youngest member of his class. His college course, it is said, though highly creditable, gave little indication of his future career. One of his classmates has described his appearance in the lecture-room of the Professor of English Literature, as he stood, with broad Byronic collar turned back from his throat, eloquently declaiming passages from "Childe Harold" or "Mazeppa." It seemed unlikely then that this enthusiastic youth would develop into the close student of history, and devote his life to laborious research in the musty records of the past.

After leaving college Mr. **Motley** went to Germany, and spent two years at the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. At the latter he became acquainted with **Bismarck**, then a roistering young nobleman, noted more for his fondness for dogs, long pipes, and student sprees than for studious habits. Many years afterward, when Mr. **Motley** was American minister to Austria, and **Bismarck** had become the foremost statesman in Europe, the count paid a visit to his old college friend in Vienna, and the two distinguished men, whose friendship continued unbroken through life, took great delight in recalling the days of their intimacy at Göttingen. After completing his studies at the German universities, Mr. **Motley** spent some time in the south of Europe, chiefly in Italy. On returning home he began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. But he preferred literature to law, and gave little attention to his profession. His first literary venture was unsuccessful. It was a novel called *Morton's Hope; or, the Memoirs of a young Provincial*, and was published in 1839. The public received it coldly, and it was soon forgotten.

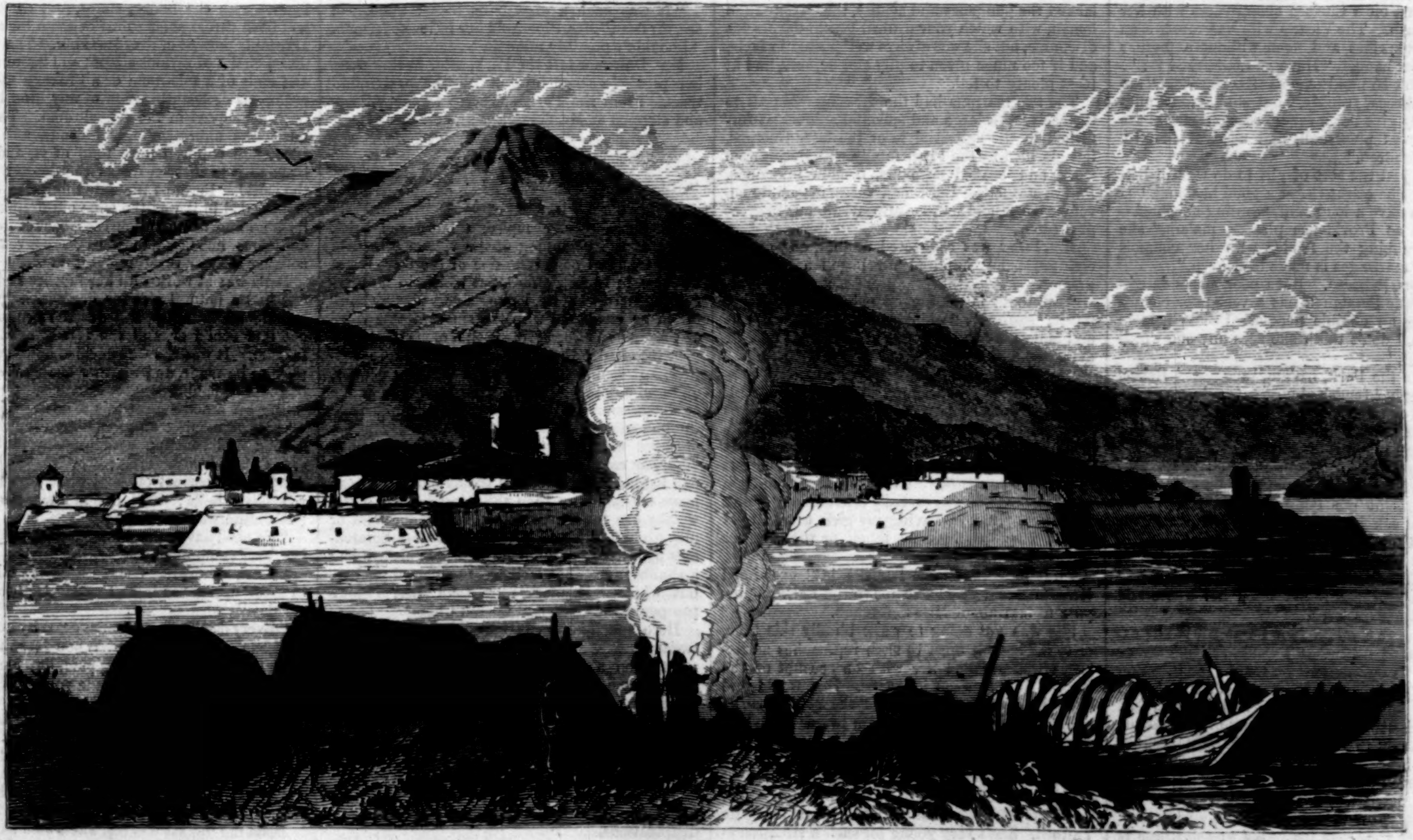


JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.—[Photographed by Brady.]

In 1840 Mr. **Motley** was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. Life at the Russian capital possessed so few attractions for him that he retained the position a few months only, and then returned to this country. The most noteworthy result of his sojourn in St. Petersburg was a remarkable essay on **Peter** the Great, which appeared in the *North American Review*, and attracted considerable attention. For several years thereafter Mr. **Motley** devoted himself assiduously to study, writing occasional essays and reviews. In 1849 he published another unsuccessful novel, called *Merry Mount; a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony.* The failure of two essays in the field of fiction had the happy effect of turning Mr. **Motley**'s attention to historical researches. He became deeply interested in the history of Holland, and began writing his *Rise of the Dutch Republic.* After making considerable progress in the work, he found that the necessary material was not within reach on this side of the Atlantic, and accordingly, in 1851, he sailed with his family for Europe, where he began a searching investigation in libraries and public archives. His discoveries soon convinced him of the inadequacy of his former sources of information. Casting aside what he had already written, he devoted himself to several years of research and composition at the Hague, and in Berlin and Dresden. In 1856 his work appeared in London and New York. Its success was immediate. It was reprinted in English at Amsterdam, where a Dutch translation was also made, under the supervision of the historian **Bakhuysen van den Brink**, who prefixed an introductory chapter. A German translation appeared at Leipsic and Dresden; and a French translation, with an introduction by **Guizot**, was published at Paris in 1859. The work has also been translated into Russian.

The high reputation achieved in this work was amply sustained in *The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce*, the first two volumes of which appeared in 1860. The following year Mr. **Motley** was appointed by President **Lincoln** minister to Austria. At Vienna, most brilliant and most frivolous of European capitals, his literary standing was of little service to him. His most intimate friends among the aristocracy, who admired his fine social qualities and thorough acquaintance with the intricacies of court etiquette, knew nothing of his achievements in literature. In 1867 appeared two more volumes of his *United Netherlands.* The same year he resigned his position as minister, under circumstances of little credit to the administration then in power at Washington. In 1869 Mr. **Motley** was appointed by President **Grant** minister to England, with instructions to begin a more energetic prosecution of the *Alabama* claims. He was recalled the following year, and was succeeded by General **Schenck**.

On being relieved from diplomatic duties Mr. **Motley** received a cordial invitation from the Queen of Holland to visit that country as the guest of the royal family. The invitation was accepted, and he once more resumed the favorite studies which had been too long neglected in the service of the country. In 1874 he published *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland*—a work which met with general favor in this country and in England. Unused to idleness, he immediately began work on a history of the Thirty Years' War, in which he had made considerable progress when his labors were interrupted by death. Mr. **Motley** was confident that this history would rank as the most important of his works. It is certainly a great loss to literature that he did not live to complete it.



ON THE DANUBE—THE TURKISH FORTRESS OF ADEHKALEH.—[See Page 489.]

JUNE ROSES.

May brought golden sunshine,
May brought silver rains,
Buttercups and daisies,
In the woods and lanes;
Lily bells and lilacs,
Apple blooms like snows,
Pinks, and purple pansies—
But June brought the Rose!

Roses dyed in sunset,
Full of amber light;
Roses dyed at dawning,
As the dawning white;
Roses pink as sunrise,
Bearing Love's device;
Red-lipped crimson roses,
Full of hidden spice.

Weave them in a garland,
And while weaving sing:
"These are garnered sunshine,
Rain, and airs of spring;
All the bliss of May-time,
Sweet south wind that blows,
Melody and perfume,
Made into a Rose."

Weave a crown in autumn
From the broad-leafed Vine;
When the old year dieth,
Bay and Laurel twine;
But while charming spring-time
Into summer goes,
Weave the year's first garland,
Every flower a Rose!

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By Miss M. E. Braddon,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. DULCIMER MEANS BUSINESS.

When a benevolent idea entered the mind of the good-natured Mrs. Dulcimer, there immediately began a process of incubation or hatching, as of patient maternal hen intent on the development of her eggs. Like the fowl, Mrs. Dulcimer gave her whole mind to the task, and, for the time being, thought of nothing else.

That notion of a marriage between Cyril Culverhouse and Isabella Scratchell was now incubating. Isabella, of whom Mrs. Dulcimer had not thought much hitherto, was now taken under her wing, a protégée whose provision in life was an actual duty.

Mrs. Dulcimer talked about her to the parlor-maid while she was dusting the drawing-room china. The servants at the Vicarage were all old retainers, who, by faithful service, had become interwoven in the very fabric of the family life. The Vicar and his wife could hardly have believed that home was home with strange faces round them. Crisp, the man-of-all-work, and Rebecca, the confidential maid, were as much an integral part of life as the dark ridge of moorland, and the gray church tower, the winding river, the Vicar's library, and the faithful old pointer, Ponto, which had not "pointed" for the last seven years, but held the position of friend and familiar, and lived in a land overflowing with milk and honey.

"What a nice young lady Miss Scratchell is, Rebecca," said Mrs. Dulcimer, as she flecked a grain of dust off a Chelsea shepherdess with her feather brush. The Vicar's wife was rarely seen between breakfast and noon without a feather brush in her hand. "Have you remarked it?"

"She ain't so handsome as Miss Harefield," answered Rebecca, frankly, "but she's a deal affabler. They give her a very good character at the Park; always punkshall, and a great favorite with the children."

"She is just the sort of girl to do well in life, Rebecca. She ought to get a good husband."

Rebecca gave a loud sniff, scenting mischief.

"That's as Providence pleases, ma'am," she retorted, rubbing the fender with her chamois leather; "marriages is made in heaven."

"Perhaps, Rebecca. But a poor man's daughter like Belle Scratchell has a very poor chance of meeting an eligible person. Unless it is in this house, I don't think she sees any one worth speaking of."

"There's the Park, ma'am," suggested Rebecca, rubbing her fender almost savagely.

"Oh, at the Park she is only a dependent—quite looked down upon, you may be sure—for though Mrs. Piper is a good creature, she is a thorough *parvenue*. Miss Scratchell never sees any of the Park visitors, you may be sure. She only lunches at the children's dinners. They don't even ask her to play the piano at their parties. They have a man from Great Yafford. Now don't you think, Rebecca, that Mr. Culverhouse would be a nice match for Miss Scratchell?"

Rebecca wheeled round upon her knees and confronted her mistress.

"Oh, ma'am, I wouldn't if I was you!" she exclaimed, energetically. "I wouldn't have act or part in it. You won't get no thanks for it. You never do. Nobody's never thanked for that kind of thing. You didn't get no thanks from Mr. Parker and Miss Morison, and look at the trouble you took about them. There isn't an unhappier couple in Little Yafford, if all folks say is true, and I believe every time they quarrel your name comes up between 'em. 'If it hadn't been for Mrs. Dulcimer I shouldn't have been such a fool as to marry you,' says he. 'My wretchedness is all Mrs. Dulcimer's doing,' says she, 'and I wish I was dead.' That's a dreadful thing to have on your conscience, ma'am, after taking no end of trouble to bring it about."

"Nonsense, Rebecca. Is it my fault the Parkers are quarrelsome? Mary Morison would have quarreled with any husband."

"Then she ought never to have had one," ejaculated Rebecca, renewing her savage treatment of the fender. "But I recollect when you thought her perfection."

"I allow that I was deceived in Miss Morison, Rebecca," replied the Vicar's wife, meekly. She was very fond of Rebecca, and not a little afraid of her. "But, you see, Miss Scratchell is quite another sort of person."

"Company manners," said Rebecca, scornfully. "They've all got 'em. It's the outside crust. You can't tell what's inside the pie."

"I am sure Miss Scratchell is a good girl. See how she has been brought up. The Scratchells have to study every sixpence."

"Does that make people good?" inquired Rebecca, speculatively, gathering up her brushes and leathers into her box. "I don't think it would improve my disposition. I like the sixpences to come and go without my thinking about 'em."

"Ah, but, Rebecca, consider what a good wife a girl brought up like that would make for a poor man? Mr. Culverhouse has nothing but his curacy, you know."

"I should ha' thought a rich young woman would ha' suited him better. There's Miss Harefield with her large fortune would be just the thing."

"Nonsense, Rebecca! Mr. Harefield would never consent to such a marriage. Sir Kenrick is the proper husband for Miss Harefield. He can make her mistress of one of the finest places in Hampshire."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Rebecca, with something approaching a groan. "Sir Kenrick and Miss Harefield, and Mr. Culverhouse and Miss Scratchell. Ladies chain and set to partners—like the first figure in a quadrille. You've got your hands full, ma'am, and I suppose it's no use my talking; but if you wasn't too wise a lady to take a fool's advice, I should say don't have nothink to do with it."

And with this oracular speech Rebecca took up her box with all her implements of war and left the drawing-room.

"Rebecca is a good creature, and an original, but dull," thought Mrs. Dulcimer. "I never can make her see things in a proper light."

After the early dinner, the Vicar's departure for his daily round among his parishioners—a sauntering, easy-going visitation at all times—Mrs. Dulcimer set out in her best bonnet and sable-bordered mantle to make some calls. The sable mantle was well known in Little Yafford as a kind of insignia of office. When Mrs. Dulcimer wore it, she meant business—and business with Mrs. Dulcimer meant the business of other people. Her bonnets were known also, with their different grades of merit. She had a bonnet for the landed gentry, and a second-best bonnet for the tradespeople, and last year's bonnet done up by Rebecca for her visits among the poor.

To-day she wore her landed-gentry bonnet, and her first visit was to the Park.

Whether a man who has made his money in trade and has taken somebody else's mansion and park can be considered to belong to the landed gentry is an open question; but Little Yafford gave Mr. Piper the benefit of the doubt, and as there were not many rich people in the village, he ranked high.

Mrs. Piper was at home and delighted to see her dear Mrs. Dulcimer. There is no more lively companion than a good-natured busybody, except an ill-natured one. Mrs. Dulcimer's conversation lacked the pungency and acidity, the Cayenne and lemon, with which your cynical gossip flavors his discourse, but she was always well posted in facts, and if too much given to pity and deplore, had at least plenty to tell.

The two matrons had the drawing-room all to themselves—a large and splendid apartment furnished in the ugliest style of the later Georges, but glorified by the Piper family with Berlin wool work and beaded cushions, ormolu inkstands, Parian statuettes, Bohemian vases, malachite envelope boxes, and mother-of-pearl albums in great profusion.

Mrs. Piper was a devoted mother, and on the children being inquired for began a string of praises.

"Elizabeth is getting on splendidly with her music," she said; "you'll be quite surprised. She and Mary play the overture to *Zampa*. You'd be delighted."

"Miss Scratchell taught them, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no, Miss Scratchell superintends their practice; but they have a master from Great Yafford—Mr. Jackson, the organist, a very fine musician. Isabella is a very nice player," said Mrs. Piper, with a patronizing air. She had never got beyond "Buy a Broom" and "The Bird Waltz" in her own day, but was severely critical now. "But I couldn't think of having my girls taught by a lady. They don't get the touch, or the style, or the execution."

"What a sweet girl Isabella is!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, who had come to the Park on purpose to talk about Miss Scratchell.

She was not going to work blindly this time, or to lay herself open to such reproaches as Rebecca had assailed her with on account of the Parker and Morison marriage. She would find out all about Isabella before she set to work; and who so well able to inform her as Isabella's employer?

"Yes," replied Mrs. Piper, "I am very well satisfied with Isabella Scratchell. She's the first governess I've had that has given me satisfaction, and I've had seven since we've been in Little Yafford. She's very young for such a situation—with clever girls like mine, who are much beyond their years, especially—and when Mr. Scratchell first applied for the situation, I felt I couldn't entertain his proposal. 'Give her a trial, Mrs. Piper,' he said; 'you don't know how she's been educated. She's had all the advantages Miss Harefield has had, and she's known a great deal better how to value them.' So I thought it over, and I agreed to give Isabella a trial. She couldn't well be worse than the others had been, I considered, and gave her the chance. Of course it would be a great opening in life for her to come here. Not that we make our governess one of the family. I don't hold with that—no more does Piper. Miss Scratchell comes and goes quietly, and keeps her place. She is very useful and domesticated; and when I've been ill, I've found her a great comfort in looking after the servants for me, and helping me to go over the tradesmen's books; for you know what poor health I've had of late years, Mrs. Dulcimer, and what trouble I've had with my servants."

Mrs. Dulcimer sighed a sympathetic assent.

"If I'm alone, she stops to luncheon with me; if I'm not, Isabella superintends the children's dinner, and after that she can go home as soon as she likes. The rest of the day is her own."

"It must be rather dull for a young girl like her, never seeing any society," suggested Mrs. Dulcimer.

"I shouldn't think Mr. Scratchell had brought up his daughters to expect society, if you mean parties and that kind of thing," replied Mrs. Piper, severely. "My children ought to be society enough for a young woman in Isabella's position."

"Of course. She would naturally be very fond of them," assented the Vicar's wife. "But I was thinking with regard to her marrying. A girl who has nothing to expect from her father ought to marry."

Mrs. Piper was averse to match-making. She had married well herself, and was rather inclined to regard matrimony as a luxury intended for the favored few, like a cockade on a coachman's hat, or a range of glass houses in one's garden.

"I hope Isabella is not thinking of a husband," she said, disapprovingly. "For my part, when a young woman begins husband-hunting, I always think her useless for every thing else. I should be very sorry to have Elizabeth taught by a governess who was thinking of husbands. The dear child would get ideas; and with her intelligence—"

Mrs. Dulcimer's good nature took fright immediately.

"Oh, I do not believe Isabella has ever given a thought to such a thing!" she exclaimed. "She is quite wrapped up in her teaching—and so fond of your dear girls. But I rather think that Mr. Culverhouse admires her very much, and you must allow that it would be a suitable match."

"I should have thought Mr. Culverhouse had more sense. Why, he could no more afford to marry than his cousin can afford to live at Culverhouse Castle."

"He has talent and energy, and is sure to succeed; and with such a well-trained, economical wife as Isabella—"

"Well, I am sorry to find that Isabella has got marriage and love-making into her head. I shall expect to see a difference in her with the children—"

"Oh, but I assure you—"

In vain did poor Mrs. Dulcimer protest. Mrs. Piper had a fixed idea that a governess ought to have nothing to do with the tender passion. Had she not turned away Miss Green for no other reason than because that unfortunate young person wrote long letters to a young man in New Zealand, to whom she had been engaged for seven years, and to whom she expected to be engaged for seven years more, before he could be rich enough to marry her?

"It was such a distraction to her mind, you see, my dear," Mrs. Piper told her intimate friends. "I couldn't possibly allow it."

Mrs. Dulcimer left the Park, after having done her protégée some injury, with the best intentions. From the Park she went to the village, and stopped at Mr. Scratchell's door.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCRATCHELLS AT HOME.

Mr. Scratchell occupied a large red brick house at the beginning of the village street—a house that had once been one of the best, if not the best, in Little Yafford, but which, in its present degenerated state, looked a very shabby habitation as compared with the smart Gothic villas of the Great Yafford professional men and tradesmen who had retired into gentility at Little Yafford. It had been built by a wealthy brewer, and still adjoined a thriving brewery. But as the age grew more civilized, the brewer retired from the immediate vicinity of his vats and casks to a stuccoed mansion in fifteen acres of meadow land, *par excellence* Park. There was a good garden behind the substantial roomy old house, and more out-buildings than the Scratchells had any worthy use for, but which made a wilderness or play-ground for the children, and for Mrs. Scratchell's poor little family of fowls, which always had a shabby, uncombed look, as of neglected poultry, but which laid more eggs than Mrs. Piper's pampered Dorkings and Cochin Chinas.

Here the Scratchells had lived for the last twenty years, Mr. Scratchell holding his tenement upon a repairing lease, which seemed to mean that he was to grub on in the best way he could in dilapidated premises, and never ask his landlord to do any thing for him. Perhaps when the lease ran out there would be complications; but Mr. Scratchell hoped that, being a lawyer himself, he should be a match for any lawyer his landlord might set upon him, and that he should find a loop-hole whereby to escape the question of dilapidations.

It was a gaunt, dreary-looking house in its present state of decay. The garden was all at the back, and the front of the house came straight upon the village street, an advantage in the eyes of the younger Scratchells, as the few passers-by who enlivened the scene came within half a yard of their inquisitive young noses, which were generally glued against the window-panes in all intervals of leisure.

The Scratchell girls did not go to school. That was a luxury which their father's limited means could not afford them. They were educated at home by their mother in that desultory and somewhat spasmodic form which maternal education, where the poor house-mother has a multitude of other duties, is apt to assume.

Taking all things into consideration, it must be allowed that Mrs. Scratchell did her work very well. She turned the four girls into the shabby old school-room at eleven o'clock every morning—after they had helped her to make the beds, dust the rooms, and wash the breakfast things. She set them down to their French exercises or their ciphering, their maps or their English analysis, while she went to the kitchen to see after the dinner, which generally meant cooking it, and at twelve she came into the school-room with her huge motherly work-basket—full of stockings to be darned and under-garments to be pieced—some of them arrived at a stage when piecing seemed little short of miraculous—and sat down to hear her children read history or Télémaque in their shrill monotonous voices, while the busy needle never ceased from its labor.

Pinnock's Goldsmith and darning cotton must have been curiously interwoven in poor Mrs. Scratchell's mind, and it must have been a little difficult for her to dissociate the embarrassments of Telemachus from the intricacies of her domestic patchwork.

In this wise, however, the young Scratchell girls contrived to get educated, perhaps pretty nearly as well as the general run of girls at home or abroad. The humble and old-fashioned education which Mrs. Scratchell had received herself she handed down to her daughters. She could not teach them German or Italian, for she had never learned those languages. She could not ground them in the Latin tongue, for in her day Latin had been considered an exclusively masculine accomplishment. She could not teach them the use of the globes, for she had no globes. Nor natural science, for she scarcely knew what it meant. But she made them plough laboriously through the French grammar until they knew it thoroughly. She taught them English and Roman and Grecian history till they could have set you right upon the dates and details of any great event you could mention. She made them very familiar with the geography of this globe, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants; and she taught them a good deal about common things, which might or might not be useful to them in after-life.

Upon this particular afternoon Mrs. Scratchell and her five daughters were all assembled in the school-room, busied with a task of all-absorbing interest. They were making their winter dresses, and the threadbare carpet was strewed with shreds and patches of dark blue merino, while the somewhat stuffy atmosphere was odorous with glazed lining.

It was a shabby old paneled room, from whose wainscot almost all the paint had been worn and scrubbed away in the progress of years. But though the paint was mostly gone, a general drabness remained. Narrow drab moreen curtains hung beside the straight windows; an oblong mahogany table, with those treacherous contrivances called flaps, occupied the centre of the room, and was now covered with bodices and sleeves and pockets and skirts in various stages of being. There was an old horse-hair sofa against the wall loaded with the books, slates, and desks which had been thrust aside to make room for the more agreeable pursuit of dress-making. There were a dozen chairs of various shapes and make, the odds and ends of a sale-room or a broker's shop. No ornament or beautification of any kind had ever been attempted in the school-room. The apartment was unpretendingly hideous, and yet the Scratchell children were fond of it, and looked back to it in after-years as the dearest room in the world. Perhaps the only thing that could be called good in it was the wide old fire-place, with its blue and white Dutch tiles, basket grate, and capacious hobs, which were so convenient for cooking toffy or roasting chestnuts.

Bella was at work with her mother and sisters. She had a natural gift for dress-making, as she had for many things, and was the general cutter out and contriver, and the family arbiter upon fashion. It was she who decided how the sleeves were to be made, and whether the skirts were to be plain or flounced.

She sat among them this afternoon, her busy scissors crunching and grinding over the table, cutting and slashing with quite a professional ease and audacity.

"What a correct eye and what a steady hand you have, Bella!" said her mother, admiringly. "It's quite wonderful."

"I'd need have something, mother," sighed Bella, "as I've no money."

"True, my dear. There's a great deal wanted to make up for the loss of that. One feels it every day."

"Every day!" echoed Bella. "Why not say every hour, every moment? When doesn't one feel it? It is a steady, gnawing pain, like toothache."

"But Providence has made you so bright and clever, dear. That's a great consolation. There's Miss Harefield now; I don't suppose *she* could make herself a dress."

"I doubt if she could thread a needle," said Bella; "but I'd change places with her any day."

"What, Bella, and be almost alone in the world, without a mother, or sisters, or brothers?"

Bella did not say whether she would have borne this latter loss, but she looked at the four lanky girls in shabby frocks and grubby holland pinafores dubiously, as if her mind was not quite made up about their value in the sum of life.

Just then there came a smart double knock at the street door, and the four girls rushed to the window and glued their noses against the panes, like four small jelly-fishes holding on by suction.

Bella ran across the room and pushed her four sisters on to the floor in a tumbled heap of brown holland and faded green merino.

"You horrid, vulgar creatures!" she exclaimed to these blessings. "Don't you know that a visitor can see you? Gracious!" she exclaimed, "it's Mrs. Dulcimer, and in her best bonnet. Run up and change your gown, mother, and do your hair up better. I can go and receive her; I'm tidy."

Bella was more than tidy. She would have been presentable any where, with her shining plaits of fair hair, her fresh pink and white complexion, perfectly fitting black silk dress, and neat collar and ribbon. Bella was a young woman who would have moved heaven and earth for the sake of a good gown, and who knew how to take care of her clothes and make them last twice as long as any one else's—an invaluable wife for a poor curate, surely, as Mrs. Dulcimer thought.

Bella went smiling into the best parlor. It was a shabby old room enough to be called best, but it was always kept clean and tidy, and Bella had taken a good deal of pains with it, and had even spent a little of her own hardly earned money to brighten it. The faded chintz was enlivened with starched muslin antimacassars. There was a rustic basket of ferns and flowers in each of the windows; there were a few little bits of Oriental china, the relics of by-gone prosperity, on the narrow mantel-piece; there were some water-color fruit and flower pieces of Bella's on the walls, neatly framed, and hung with smart blue ribbons, instead of the commonplace picture cord.

Mrs. Dulcimer had taken an approving survey of every thing while waiting for Bella's appearance.

"Mamma will be down in a minute," said Bella, when they had shaken hands. "She has been working at our blue merino dresses, and her hands were all over dye. She is so pleased at the idea of your coming to see her."

"It is such a time since I have called on her, I feel quite ashamed. But I have so many calls to make."

"Yes, and you are so good to every one. Mamma is so grateful for your kindness to me."

"It is nothing, Bella. I only wish I could be kinder. You are such a good, industrious girl. I wish I could see you comfortably settled in life."

Bella blushed and smiled. Mrs. Dulcimer's mania for match-making was notorious. It was an amiable propensity, but did not always work out well.

"Don't worry yourself about me, dear Mrs. Dulcimer. I have no wish to get settled. I should be sorry to leave poor mamma. I can help her in so many little ways, you know."

"Yes, my dear, I know what an excellent daughter you are. A good daughter will always make a good wife. But in a large family like yours the sooner a girl marries the better. Let me see now, how many sisters have you?"

"Four."

"Four! good gracious! Five girls in one family. That's quite dreadful. I can't see where five husbands are to come from. Not out of Little Yafford, I am afraid."

"But, dear Mrs. Dulcimer, we are not all obliged to marry."

"My poor child, what else are you to do? There is nothing between that and being governesses."

"Then we must all be governesses. I had rather be a tolerably contented governess than a miserable wife."

"But you might be a very happy wife, if you marry the man who loves you."

Bella blushed again, and this time more deeply. Did Mrs. Dulcimer know or suspect any thing? Bella's heart thrilled strangely. To be loved—how sweet it sounded! To have her life all at once transformed to something new and strange, lifted out of this dull level of poverty-stricken monotony in which it had crept on for all the years she could remember.

"I must wait till the true lover appears, Mrs. Dulcimer," she answered, quietly, though the beating of her heart had quickened. "I have never met him yet."

"Haven't you, Bella? You may have met him without knowing it. I have an idea that Cyril Culverhouse is very fond of you."

Now if Bella had heard Mrs. Dulcimer express such an idea in relation to any one but herself, she would have given the notion exactly its just value, which would have been nothing, for it was Mrs. Dulcimer's peculiar faculty to evolve ideas of this kind from her inner consciousness; but applied to herself, the notion had a startling effect upon Bella's nerves and brain.

Could it be? Cyril, her ideal preacher, the man whose earnest eyes had made her tremble strangely at odd times when her own eyes met them suddenly; Cyril, the only being who had ever made her feel the littleness of her own views and aspirations, and that, despite all her gifts, she was a very poor creature; that Cyril could care for her, value her, love her— It was too bright a dream. She forgot that he was little better off than herself; that he could do nothing to lift her out of her dull life of aching poverty. She forgot every thing except that it would be the sweetest thing in the world to be loved by him.

"Indeed, Mrs. Dulcimer, you must be mistaken," she said, her voice trembling a little. "Mr. Culverhouse has not given me a thought; he has never said one word that—"

"My dear, he is too honorable to say any thing until he felt himself in a position to speak plainly, and that would hardly be till he has got a living. But the Church will not be such slow work for him as it is for most young men, you may depend. He has great gifts."

"He has, indeed," sighed Bella.

This idea of a living opened quite a delicious picture before her mental vision. She saw herself a vicar's wife—a person of importance in the village—like Mrs. Dulcimer, inhabiting some pretty vicarage, full of old china and modern furniture, surrounded with smiling lawns and flower beds instead of the gooseberry bushes, cabbage rows, and general utilitarianism and untidiness of the Scratchell garden; and with Cyril, her Cyril, for the companion of her days. Imagination could paint no fairer life, no happier fate.

"I don't say that any thing has been said, my love, even to me," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "But I am long-sighted in these matters. I can see very far ahead."

This was true, for Mrs. Dulcimer's apprehension had often been so far in advance of fact that she had seen inclinations and nascent loves that had never existed, and had sometimes worried the victims of these fancied affections into ill-advised matrimony. Most of Mrs. Dulcimer's happy couples began, like Benedict and Beatrice, with a little aversion.

Mrs. Scratchell now appeared, smooth as to her hair and shiny as to her complexion, and with an unmistakable appearance of having just changed her gown. She saluted the Vicar's wife with the old-fashioned courtesy which had been taught her in her boarding-school days, and seemed almost overcome when Mrs. Dulcimer shook hands with her.

"I'm sure I don't know how I can thank you for all your goodness to Bella," said the grateful mother.

"Indeed, I want no thanks, Mrs. Scratchell. We are all very fond of Bella at the Vicarage. She is so bright and clever. What a help she must be to you!"

"She is, indeed. I don't know what we should do without her. She's the only one of us that can manage her father when he's out of temper."

"What a good wife she would make for a man of limited means!"

"She would know how to make the most of things," answered Mrs. Scratchell, with a sigh; "but I really think I'd rather my daughters kept single all their lives than that they should have to cut and contrive as I've had. I've not a word to say against poor Scratchell. Poverty tries all our tempers, and his has been more tried than most men's. He's a good father and a good husband, and I've as good children as any woman need wish to have; but for all that, I'd rather my daughters should never marry than that they should marry like me."

"Oh, Mrs. Scratchell!" cried the Vicar's wife, shocked at this slander against her favorite institution. "Surely, now, as a wife and mother, you have fulfilled woman's noblest mission. You ought to be proud of having brought up such a nice family and managed things respectably upon so little."

"Perhaps I ought," sighed Mrs. Scratchell. "But I don't feel any thing except very tired. I was forty-one last birthday, but I feel as if I was eighty."

Mrs. Dulcimer did not know what to say. Life had been so easy for her. All good things had fallen unsolicited into her lap. She had never known an ungratified want, except her yearning for a new drawing-room carpet. This glimpse of a pinched, overworked existence came upon her like a revelation.

"But you must be so proud of your fine family," said Mrs. Dulcimer, bent on being cheerful—"so many of them, and all well and thriving."

"Yes," sighed the house-mother, "they grow very fast, and they have fine healthy appetites. It's better to pay the baker than the doctor, as I always say to Mr. Scratchell when he complains, but the bills *are* very heavy."

"Now mind, Bella, I shall expect to see you often at the Vicarage," said Mrs. Dulcimer, with her sweetest smile. "You are not to wait for Miss Harefield to bring you, but you are to come and see me, you know, in a friendly way, and bring your work. I know you are clever at fancy-work."

"She is clever at every thing," said the mother, with a doleful pride. "I never knew such hands as Bella's; she can turn them to any thing."

"Bring your work of an afternoon, then, Bella, when your mother can spare you, and come and sit with me. Mr. Culverhouse often drops in after tea."

And then, with much hand-shaking and cordiality, kindly Mrs. Dulcimer took her leave, and went home happy, her mind glowing with triumphant benevolence, feeling that she had employed her afternoon in a manner that St. Paul himself must have approved.

"It's all very well for Clement to talk about charity being a passive virtue," she reflected. "Passive good nature would never get that girl comfortably married. Five daughters, and the father without a sixpence to give them! Poor dear girls! Husbands must be found for them somehow."

Bella Scratchell felt curiously fluttered after the Vicar's wife was gone. The noise of the home tea-table, those rude boys, those boisterous unkempt girls, with hair like horses' manes, and an uncomfortable habit of stretching across the table for every thing they wanted, seemed a shade more trying than usual.

"Now then, greedy," cried Adolphus, the second boy, to his sister Flora, "I would scrape the pot if I was you! Why don't you turn it inside out and lick it? Yah!" looking into an empty marmalade pot; "not a vestige left. I say, Bella, you might stand a pot of marmalade now and then."

The boys were in the habit of making random demands upon Bella's private means, but were not often successful.

"I'm sure you want no temptation to eat bread and butter," she said. "It would be sheer cruelty to ma."

What bliss to be away from them all—this noisy circle; the odor of Dorset butter; the poor mother's worried looks, and frequent getting up to look after this and that; the scolding and disputing; the domestic turmoil!

A lonely old bachelor looking in through the window at the fire-lit room might perchance have envied Mr. Scratchell his healthy young family, might have thought this circle of eager faces and buzz of voices meant happiness; but for Bella home meant any thing but happiness. She was heartily tired of it all.

She pictured herself in that ideal vicarage, with the only man she had ever admired for her husband. She was thinking of him all through the confusion of tea-time—the clinking of tea-spoons and rattling of cups, the spilling of tea (an inevitable feature in every Scratchell tea party), the fuss about the kettle, with much argumentation between Mrs. Scratchell and the maid-of-all-work as to whether it boiled or did not boil, the scrambling for crusts, and general squabbling—through all she was thinking of Cyril's earnest face, hearing his thrilling voice close at her ear.

"Can it be true?" she asked herself—"can it be true that he cares for me, ever so little even? Oh, it would be too much—it would be heaven!"

Here Waldo's cup of hot tea came into collision with his sister's elbow, foundered, and went down, amidst a storm of shrill young voices and maternal expostulation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WHALING STATION.

Here and there along the coast of California may be found whaling stations, established chiefly by Portuguese or Sandwich Islanders. Our first-page engraving shows the general character of these stations, and the manner in which the work of cutting up the captured whales is carried on.

Watch is carefully kept from an elevated look-out, and the raising of a flag is the signal to the fishermen on the beach that whales are in sight. The men instantly take to their boats and give chase to their prey. Harpoon guns and explosive bombs are used to dispatch the whale as soon as the boats get within striking distance, and the body is then secured and towed ashore, where the blubber is stripped off. It is tried out over ovens similar to those shown in the engraving, and the oil collected in casks for shipping. The whale most commonly taken in this manner is known as the "gray-back." A large one sometimes yields a profit of several hundred dollars.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Early in the past winter, Mr. Eckhardt, of Lübinchen, Germany, presented to the United States Fish Commission, through Dr. O. Finsch, 1000 impregnated eggs of a highly esteemed species of white-fish, known in the German lakes as *Coregonus marœna*. These were sent by German steamer to New York, being intrusted to the care of one of the crew, and on their arrival were taken charge of by Mr. Coup, of the New York Aquarium. By direction of Professor Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, they were subsequently sent to the Michigan Fish Commissioners, and hatched out, under the superintendence of A. W. Chase, at their hatching establishment at Detroit.

Of the number forwarded, 409 survived all the perils of embryological development, and, in a very active condition, were placed, on the 14th of April, in Gardner Lake, Michigan, where there were no predaceous fish of any kind, and where no white-fish had ever been planted before.

Mr. George H. Jerome, one of the Commissioners of Michigan, states that the eggs were a little larger than those of the white-fish of the northern lakes, with a larger sack, which is carried longer than in our species. It is to be hoped that this experiment will result in the establishment of a new variety of white-fish in our waters, and one possessing, possibly, some special qualities or peculiarities commending it to general favor. The experiment is, at any rate, an interesting one, and worthy of being borne in mind hereafter.

Preyer recently laid before the Association of Naturalists at Hamburg a hypothesis in regard to the "cause of sleep," which he considers established by his experiments. Unlike a very generally received idea of its being due to a partial emptying of the blood-vessels of the brain, he thinks sleep results from an accumulation of what he calls "fatigue material" in the blood, developed by the activity of the muscles and of the nervous system. During sleep these substances are decomposed by the oxygen of the blood, the fatigue disappears, and then sleep comes to an end.

In support of this view, Preyer adduces experiments which he has made with lactic acid, a product of muscular activity. By injecting a quantity of this acid into the blood of an animal he produces an artificial exhaustion or fatigue, and followed by slumber; and he maintains that the administration of the same substance to man, under certain circumstances, produces sleep. He thus claims to produce fatigue inducing sleep by chemical agencies—an assumption, however, which can not be accepted in the present state of our knowledge.

The extent to which explorations into the physical and natural history of the North American continent have been prosecuted within the last twenty-five years has resulted in throwing a flood of light upon the geology, zoology, botany, and climatology of the country. The work in this direction has been largely connected with the several surveys of railroads and wagon roads in the Western territory, of international boundary lines, of geographical and topographical surveys, of geological expeditions, etc., within the United States and in the regions to the north of it, with the special labors of the Smithsonian Institution.

The least known portion of the continent is the northwestern corner, including the greater part of Alaska, with its peninsula and islands. At the same time it is perhaps the most interesting, in view of the fact that many Siberian animals visit it from opposite sides of Behring Straits, so as to bring the American and Asiatic continents in close relationship.

Much has been done, of late years, to ascertain the facts in this connection, as well as the general natural history of the region; this especially through the labors of Mr. William H. Dall and Mr. Robert Kennicott, when engaged in the overland telegraphic expedition of the Western Union Company; and, later, by Mr. Dall, while commanding a hydrographical and coast-surveying party.

Still more recently, Mr. Lucien M. Turner, an observer of the United States Signal Service, and stationed at St. Michaels, has added to our knowledge of the Siberian and other species, by sending to the National Museum, by instructions from General Myer, several extensive collections.

A very thorough and exhaustive investigation of this region may now be expected, through the agency of Mr. E. W. Nelson, a well-known naturalist, who has lately proceeded to Norton Sound, by way of Alaska, to relieve Mr. Turner. He has been provided with the necessary outfit by the Smithsonian Institution, and will probably greatly increase the amount of our knowledge of that interesting country.

The Royal Aquarium at Westminster, London, is holding an international maritime and piscatorial exhibition, which began on the 16th of May, to remain open for one month. This was to be arranged in three sections, the first to be composed of illustrations of fish, as shown by photographs, colored casts, etc.; the second, of apparatus for fish-culture and that in use for the capture of fish; and the third, of models of vessels used in the fisheries, and of marine products generally.

Application was made by the Aquarium authorities for a selection from the magnificent display of the United States Fish Commission at the Philadelphia Centennial, but this was received too late to be responded to.

The relation between that condition of the atmosphere indicated by a low stage of the barometer and colliery explosions has been well established by observation during the past few years, and the practical application is about to be made of this conclusion in France, by sending special warning to the coal mines whenever an excessive depression is likely to occur, so that extra precautions may be taken in entering the pits.

The African ethnological section of the Berlin Museum has lately been increased by the addition of collections bought of Mr. Piaggia, which, according to Schweinfurth, are the best of their kind in existence.

Prat, of Bordeaux, announces the discovery of a new metal, which he proposes to call *Lavoesium*, after Lavoisier. It is silvery white, malleable, and fusible, and is associated with several minerals, especially with iron pyrites.

The second number of the third volume of Dr. Hayden's Bulletin of the Geological Survey of the Territories has just been issued, consisting entirely of papers on entomology, the most important being "The Western Diptera," by Baron Osten-Sacken; one by Dr. Uhler, of Baltimore, on the "Hemiptera;" and one upon "Colorado Spiders," by Professor Thorell, of Upsala.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Now is the time for lovers to get spooney over ice-cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing corned beef and cabbage across the table.

A mayor out West has determined to kill half the dogs in the city, and tan their hides with the bark of the other half.

Face of Brass.—The house of Mr. Dundas, late Lord President of the Court of Sessions in Scotland, having, after his death, become converted into a smith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following impromptu:

"This house a *lawyer* once enjoyed,
A *smith* does now possess:
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass!*"

Sydney Smith's Definition of Marriage.—"It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they can not be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

Nice Girl.—It recalls what Dundreary said about it: "Yass, she was a n-nice girl. I was g-going to marry her m-myself, but I d-didn't get up that m-morning, or something of th-that sort. I d'don't w-wecollect now ju-juthť what it wath."

"If you wish to have a shoe of durable material," exclaims the facetious Matthew Langsberg, "you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

"I make it my point, madam, to study my own mind," said a gentleman to a lady who had exhibited some surprise at an opinion he expressed. "Indeed!" she replied, "I didn't suppose you understood the use of the microscope."

"Pa," said a little fellow the other day, "was Job an editor?" "Why, Sammy?" "Because the Bible says he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life."

A Rebuff.—Mlle. ——, of the Palais Royal Théâtre, said to Hyacinth, "Gracious! I have a cold! What do you do when you have a cold?" "I?" said Hyacinth—"I cough, and blow my nose."

It is affecting to hear an "old maid" singing her poodle to sleep to the air, "If ever I cease to love."

"Let me see," said the nurse of a sick man. "The doctor said one tea-spoonful every ten minutes. That makes six every hour; say seventy-two during the night. I shall give him seventy-two spoonfuls right away, and have a chance to get a little sleep myself."

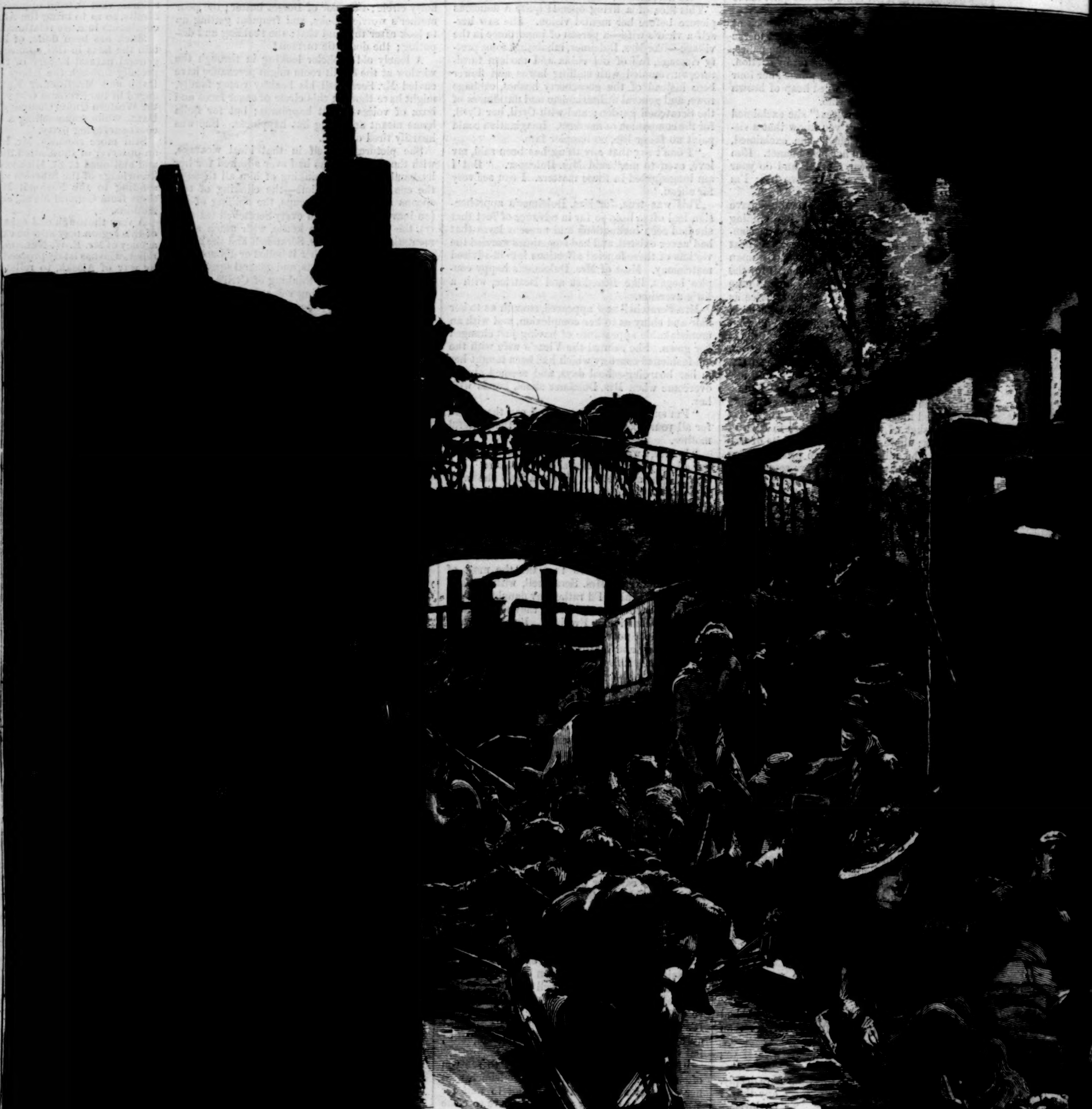
A Scotch minister was once busy catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a stout girl whose father kept a public-house: "What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Nane o' yer fun, Mr. Minister; ye ken my name weel eneuch. D'ye no say when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale?" The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

ON THE THAMES.

Englishmen are justly proud of the Thames. It would not be considered much of a river in this country, but it is the largest their snug little island affords; and in its winding course to the sea, from its romantic source in the Cotswold Hills, it runs a distance of about two hundred and twenty miles. Its commerce is surpassed by that of no other river. On its banks, sixty miles from its mouth, is situated the largest and most important city in the world. The beauty of its scenery has been sung by poets and pictured by artists. Sir John Denham, in his once celebrated poem, "Cooper's Hill," calls the river "the most loved of all the ocean's sons by his old sire." We may smile at the poet's extravagance, thinking of the Mississippi, the Amazon, and even of smaller rivers of the Western continent; but Sir John was probably thinking of other things than mere extent when his flowing verse was penned—of the vast metropolis seated on the banks of the river; of the immense commerce that even in his time connected the Thames with every part of the world; and of the beautiful villages and seats that marked its course.

The Thames is navigable for vessels of 700 or 800 tons as far up as London, and for vessels of the largest burden as far as Deptford, three miles below London Bridge. Its dimensions in this part of its course are by no means insignificant. At London the river is about 300 yards wide, 500 yards at Woolwich, nine miles below, 1300 yards at Coalhouse, twenty miles further down, widening to nine miles at the Nore, and to eighteen miles at its mouth.

Our engraving represents a lively scene at one of the numerous locks on the river at some distance above London. The lock has evidently just been opened, and a confused and motley crowd of boats is passing through from some tributary into the river. The Thames locks have been described by several English novelists. The best and most graphic description is to be found in the opening chapters of Mr. James Payn's powerful and interesting novel called *A Woman's Vengeance*, in which an account is given of a pleasure excursion up the river. No reader of *Our Mutual Friend* can forget the terrible scene where the school-master Headstone, tracked and threatened by the lock-tender Riderhood, who has discovered his attempt to murder Eugene Wrayburn, turns upon his vindictive enemy, and, after a fearful struggle on the edge of the lock, plunges with him into the still, dark, deep water. Our picture, however, calls up no such tragic vision. Here all is life and gayety. Boatmen out for practice in their light and fragile "shell," a pleasant party in a sail-boat, loaded barges on their way down to the great city, and so on, make up a picture very agreeable to the eye and suggestive to the imagination.



SKETCH AT A LOCK

POPULAR ART.

IV.—COLOR AND ORNAMENT.

A friend has observed to me that these scattered hints on decoration would be of more practical service if I gave an account of the different rooms in an ordinary house, and the various methods of decorating each, instead of making general remarks applicable to any kind of room. In this article I propose to follow my friend's suggestion, and give a short description of the points most to be observed in connection with special rooms. And as the chief function of the house is to afford places to eat, sleep, talk, and think in, I will take the rooms devoted to each purpose and describe them separately. It will be evident to my readers that all I shall be able to do in a short article like the present will be to show briefly what the general character of the room should be, leaving all matters of detail to individual taste; and of course, according to this taste, the principal room in the house will be dining-room, drawing-room, or library. The object should be that the special service for which the room is designed should be kept carefully in view throughout its arrangement, every thing that assists it added, and every thing that impedes it left out. As my remarks upon color will be equally applicable to all the rooms in the house, I shall leave them to the last. First, then, as to the dining-room. Perhaps of all the rooms in an English house, this one is most uniformly the same. A dark paper and heavy curtains; an oblong table, highly polished; an oak or mahogany sideboard, with a claret jug or a biscuit box on it; a black slate mantel-piece, with a black marble or bronze clock and ornaments; and a few pictures, of which generally the most noticeable thing is the elaborate darkness of the painting and heaviness of the frame—such articles, with a thick carpet, and a row of chairs against the wall, constitute the main points of an ordinarily well-off person's dining-room. Now, if you are bent upon giving large mixed dinners, perhaps you can have nothing better for the purpose than his oblo

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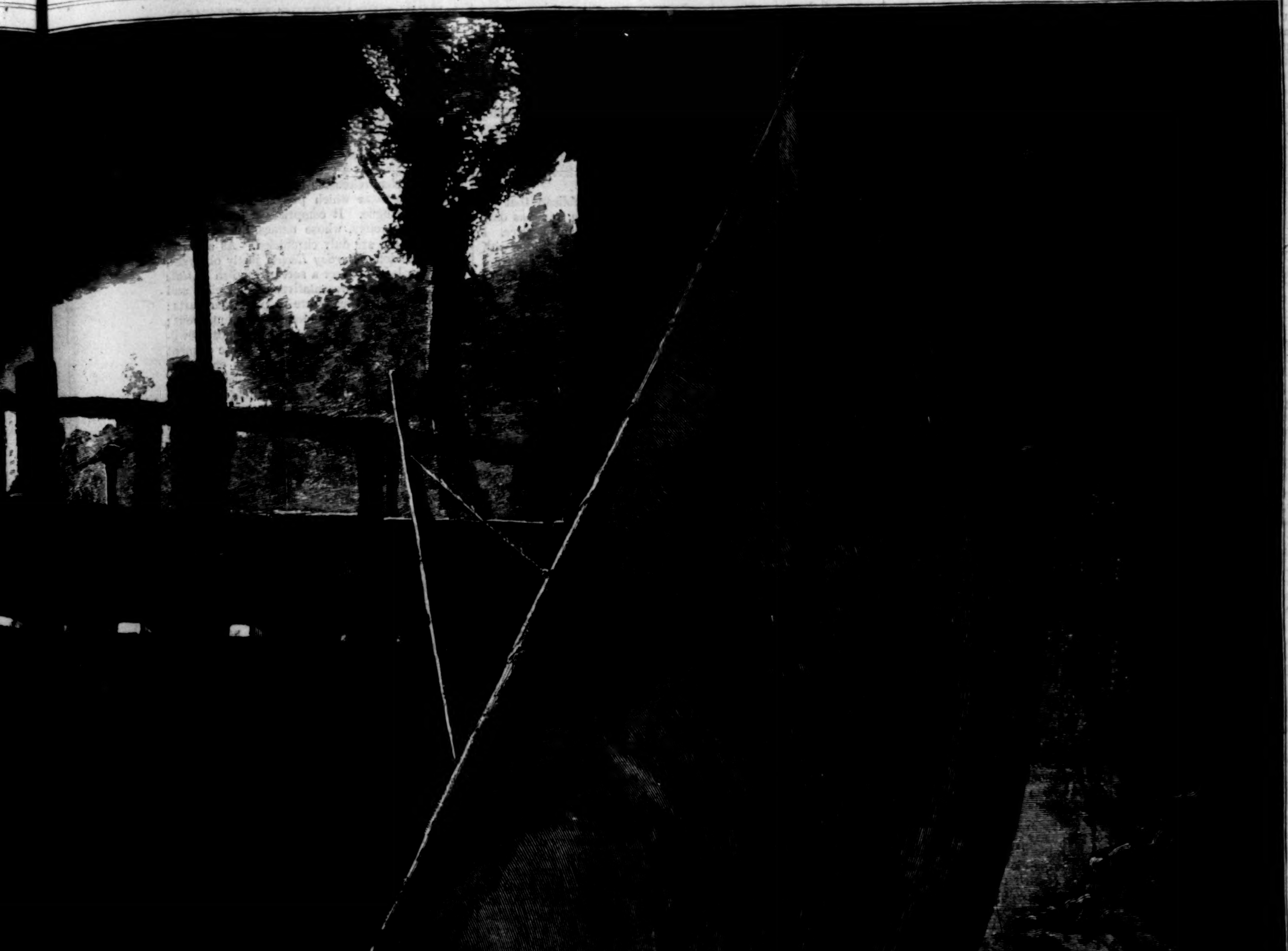

LOCK THE THAMES RIVER.

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the fire. You will be able to talk to every one at your table with ease, and the conversation, instead of languishing in duets, may be made general—no small advantage. Besides, the gain in comfort and coziness is very considerable, and that should be one of your greatest aims in a dining-room. Another thing not generally understood, or at all events not generally attended to, is the lighting, and yet, perhaps, it is the most important of all details. The usual way is to have a large chandelier hung high up, and illuminating chiefly the pictures. It was such an arrangement, by-the-way, that inspired Sydney Smith's sarcasm, when he observed to his host that "above, all was light and beauty, and below, darkness and gnashing of teeth." Remember that however good your pictures are, you don't want people to look at them at dinner-time, and so concentrate your light upon the table itself. To this end, hang your light low, and surround it with a crimson shade, so that whatever light penetrates to the upper part of the room may do so in a soft glow of color, just sufficient to give an effect of warm obscurity. And if you have your sideboard at the other end of the room lighted, manage it in the same manner, whether it be with candles or a lamp, always keeping the actual flame invisible. And on your table do not commit the vulgarity of one of those silver-gilt épergnes, with looking-glass platforms and badly cast flowers, or camels, or something of that sort, supporting a basket, and hung round with crystal balls; don't have any thing of that kind, but plain glass or pottery, made in the most graceful shapes you can meet with, and let your real ornaments be the flowers themselves. They're far more beautiful than any thing Hunt and Roskell can make for you. And don't be afraid of having leaves and grass intermixed with your blossoms; look at the proportion in nature between blooms and leaves, and try to imitate that; and, above all, let your light fall as strongly as possible on your flower ornament—focus that, as it were, and make every thing else of less importance. As to what the room should be by daylight, apply to it the same principles which I gave in my second article, about furnishing in general, and make it a room of practical service, not a funeral chamber.

Next, as to the library. Here you should endeavor to produce a dissimilar effect from the dining-room, for you do not want in it any effect of light or gloom; on the contrary, what is required is a gentle, equal glow over all parts of the room, in which there shall be nothing to attract the eye to one part more than another, and in which you shall be able to read clearly the title of the book on the highest of your shelves. The most interrupting thing I know of to reading is strong sunlight, and all such should be carefully excluded. Again, the chief thing in the room should be the books, and every thing connected with them. Don't have large, imposing cases, with plate-glass doors—nothing looks so foolishly out of place behind glass as books do. You want to be able to take them down in a moment for reference, and not have the worry of opening and shutting the doors every time; and have a short ladder to get to the top shelves, and a standing reading-desk, and a great table standing frankly in the middle of the room, which you can load with folios, if necessary; and, above all, have comfortable chairs and shaded lamps, and don't have any ornaments whatever, particularly marble busts on stone pedestals. Your books, in plain open wood cases round your room, and one picture above your mantel-piece, will furnish it quite enough; the curtains should be hung, and an especially thick portière over the door, to deaden the sounds of the house, and the whole appearance should be one of quiet and peace. No one who has not tried it knows the inestimable value of having one room in the house where quiet may be secured and thought reign undisturbed. Of the bedrooms I shall not speak, save to say that there seems to be a great deal of unnecessary reserve in the way we English regard them, and that the French is really the more sensible plan. Why, for instance, in a large bedroom there should not be a comfortable table and chairs, where the husband and wife might have breakfast, or sit and chat, does not seem easily explicable; but the fact remains, and it is beyond my province to do more than notice it in passing.

As to the drawing-room, or rather, as it is more sensibly called, the living-room—for the former name always seems to convey a somewhat pretentious, cockney sort of idea, and is at the root of the reason why so many people make this room one for company—I wish I could drum into every body's head that it is absurdity to furnish for any one but yourself and your family, but I have no time to dilate on this subject. I have spoken a good deal of this living-room in my former articles, but I must say a few words more about its ornaments. Most people when they marry are the unfortunate recipients of a vast quantity of what can only be described as ornamental rubbish, procured at a large cost from divers fashionable establishments, for the encouragement of bad taste and the waste of money. Surely there must be few of us who have not groaned in our time under this plague of ormolu, and been finally crushed by the arrival of a seventh blotting-book or a twentieth inkstand. For it is a strange thing that the purveyors of these articles apparently bound their imaginations by blotting-books, envelope cases, and inkstands. Well, the only possible thing to do with such ormolu ornaments (except throw them away) is to crowd them all up together on a couple of side-tables, and try to make them tell as a mass of color. In detail they are sure to be horrible—they always are; and why they continue to be manufactured and bought, when every one detests them, is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary says, "no fellow can understand."

Another sore trial to most people is the chandelier. The ordinary designs for gas illumination are so unutterably base and degraded that it is much better to have a hanging lamp at once. Those double-wicked kerosene lamps give a capital light, and if you put a thick porcelain shade over and under it, you have as soft and diffused an illumination as you could wish. Of course you will not commit the extravagance, and also folly, of having a carpet extending as far as the walls of the room, and cut out to fit every angle or recess. It is far better, as well as cheaper, to have an oblong or square carpet (according to the shape of your room), and to let it extend to within about two feet of the wainscoting. If you have a good floor, it is best to stain the board for this space, but if not, the common bamboo matting, so much in use in Japan, is as good a thing as can be had, and it can be scrubbed clean almost like boards. And don't have the chairs and sofas covered with chintz—it has always a nasty, glazy, uncomfortable look. Choose rather any soft dark-hued stuff, and try to make it lead up to your walls, so that they do not seem

"to stand alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall."

Lastly, as to the color of this room and the color of the rooms and decorations generally, I find myself utterly at fault. I could tell you the color I like myself; I could perhaps even go farther, and say, with little fear of contradiction, that green and crimson and gold form a beautiful chord of color, or that black and amber or blue and grayish-green go well together; and still I should tell you nothing, or at least nothing worth the telling. For the fact is that every really fine combination of color is dependent upon subtle gradations of tint and arrangement which can only be felt, not expressed in words, and the only way I have ever discovered of gaining a notion of good color is to seek it in lands where it is understood. It will perhaps seem a strange thing to many of my readers that I should talk about color being understood, as if it were some branch of knowledge, and they would perhaps answer me with, "Have we not good artists, as good as any in the world at present? And can they not tell us all about color, and show us how to manage it?" Well, this is exactly what they can't do. It is with color as it is with any other form of art—that it can only be produced by people who delight in it. Now for some years we have taken most of our combinations of color from France, and slavishly followed whatever was the prevailing fashion there, and the result has been that the majority of dresses and fashions have been made in neutral hues, and people have cried out, "What an improvement! No more nasty emerald-green or sky-blue, but soft shades of gray and brown and dull green." But, as a matter of fact, we are really further off good color than we were before, and we shall have to retrace our steps before there is a chance of our obtaining it. Formerly England had, at all events, firmly grasped one idea about color, and that was that bright colors were the prettiest, the best, somehow, and so it tried to have as many of them as possible. After all, in the main, this was a true idea—the error was only in the deduction made from it. Bright, pure colors are the best, really, and all real magnificence of hue must be based upon them. I could show, had I time, that the French have really no idea of the true beauty of color; what they understand is the relative arrangement of tint, and all that can be done by such arrangement their exquisite taste enables them to do easily. But a taste for fine color could not spring from a people as light and artificial as are the French at heart, and consequently, in spite of their many renowned artists, they have produced hardly one colorist. Color in its utmost height can only spring from the deepest feeling; and it can be general in no nation till it has entered into the hearts of its people, and they have "basked in it as if it were sunshine; danced with the delight of it, quarreled for it, fought for it, starved for it—done, in fact, precisely the opposite of what we want to do with it—made it to keep, and not to sell." But it is possible to learn to know good color when you see it, though scarcely in England, for here there are few days in the year when we really see the sun, as the Italians, for instance, see it. Never, till I saw dark cypresses against an Italian sky, did I gain an idea of the exquisite harmony of green and blue; nor did I know what crimson and gold really were till I saw them blazing under an Indian sun in the bazars of Bombay. Before then I had never understood in the least the difference between French prettiness of color and real nobility, and I think, unless each of my readers has passed through one such experience, he will hardly understand what I mean. To see good color in dress, as I understand it, you must go at least as far as Italy, and look, not at the imported French robes which you will see trailing by the Arno's side or loitering in the Corso, but at the scarf of the Venetian gondolier, and the handkerchief on the contadina's head. And if you turn your eyes from these to the mountain-sides dark with cypress or hoary with olive, to the white houses amid the orange groves and the blue sky, you will understand how, in such a country, the love of color springs up in the hearts of the people till it becomes part of their lives.

And so, after all, I can tell no more about color than to show the conditions under which alone we can hope to obtain it, and these are constant sight and fervent love. How, then, in this gray England of ours, can we hope to reproduce the hue of an Italian summer? But it will be no mean victory if we can bring home to ourselves this truth—that far beyond all neutral shades of gray and brown and green, beyond all beautiful things in this world, rises supereminently the beauty of true color; and if this truth once gladdens our hearts, once makes us rejoice in the emerald fields and the sunset sky, we may be very sure that whatever color we spread upon our floor or paint our walls with will be right, for it will spring, not from the elaborateness of man's rules, but the beauty of God's creation.—*London Spectator*.

FLETCHER HARPER.

A Memorial.

Few men have lived so strongly loved by their friends, their families, as Fletcher Harper, and his vigorous and active intellect was joined to a most tender and confiding heart. All his hopes, pleasures, happiness, were centred in his home. Here he rejoiced to gather around him all who were dear to him, and here his genial nature flowed out in ceaseless animation. Almost to the latest moments of his life he was gay, hospitable, full of wit and humor: the source of hopefulness to others, happy in himself. A religious and pure-minded man, he never lost his cheerfulness in asceticism or wasted his moments in useless gloom. His mind, which was singularly active and enterprising, was always eager to employ his great advantages in aiding the cause of human progress, and in making the various literary influences which he controlled the cultivators of good morals and general civilization. He was accustomed to say that every literary periodical should have some well-defined aim, and should fill a specified place in advancing the common interests of men; that it should enforce some specific truth or carry out some beneficent design.

With this view he became the founder of *Harper's Weekly*, a paper which at first failed to reach a pecuniary success, and he would relate how many a night he lay awake, anxious and fearful lest the public might not sustain an enterprise which seemed too costly to find general favor, and meditating upon the best means of deserving the popular support. He never wavered in his design, but, with his usual energy and firmness, persisted through many months of discouragement, until at last came a great success. The *Weekly*, a journal of civilization, rose suddenly to wide popularity. The great expense lavished upon it, the excellence of its purpose, the high value of its artistic and literary contributions, soon raised it above all its rivals; its circulation became almost unprecedented in the annals of publication, and far surpassed that of its European examples. Before he died, its founder saw the periodical upon which he had fixed his chief regard known not only throughout the continent of America, quoted in Prince Edward Island, translated into Spanish in Peru, but read in every part of the habitable globe; famous wherever the English language was spoken, sustained by a general favor that had never waned.

Fond and affectionate as Fletcher Harper ever was in disposition, he had at every period of his life gathered around him troops of friends who had felt his benefactions or won his regard. It is told of him that, when just entering upon his career, he was so prudent and so generous in one of his transactions with the Secretary of State of New York, J. C. Spencer, that the official said of him, "This is the finest young man I have ever met with." His fine appearance, pleasant manners, and a ceaseless propensity to sport and frolic, an overflow of the comic and humorous element, carried him on to great success in his business affairs. He drew close to him those with whom he was connected, and bound them to himself by the ties of affection. There was something sweet and artless, almost child-like, in his nature; and in the midst of his family, which he ruled with discretion, he seemed often the youngest member, the least restrained, the most impetuous of all. To his grandchildren he was a companion and more than father, and even his great-grandchildren had begun to cling to him with an extraordinary affection. He possessed a natural courtesy that never deserted him, a deep sense of gratitude that was touched by the slightest favors, a gentleness of disposition that was often little suspected by those to whom he showed only the severer features of the man of business. For the young author and the active scholar he had a never-failing sympathy. His benefactions have been felt by an ever-increasing circle of men of letters. He was always willing, until late in life, to inspect new manuscripts or encourage some fresh literary aspirant, to animate the weak, to rouse the strong to fresh exertion.

But one striking trait in his character was his studious care to avoid all public display and all effort to attain official station. He was resolved apparently to exercise his peculiar powers in his own way, and avoid those distracting struggles of ambition and of vanity by which they might have been impaired. His name, I think, was never used at political meetings; he was never a candidate for any office; he would never consent to mingle in the strife of factions. He possessed a natural simplicity, a true republicanism, that withheld him from every kind of ostentation. No man was ever more indifferent to the external marks of power, no one was at heart more sincerely desirous to serve his country without reward. It would not be well for all honest men to follow his example, to shrink from public station and the people's service; but in his case the community was benefited by the still larger attention he was able to give to its interests. As the head of a great publishing house, controlling the thoughts of infinite numbers of his fellow-countrymen, acute, enterprising, bold, Fletcher Harper for a generation has always been one of the guides of public opinion, and has always led the way to pure republicanism.

He was so thoroughly a republican that he seems to have been one by nature, and was only confirmed in this tendency by later experience. I have often been struck by the readiness with which he saw the slighter shades of variance from the theory of popular sovereignty, and the prompt decision with which he repulsed any invasion of the popular rights. He would give to every man his just and full protection, he would have all men free and equal under the law. To the progress of European ideas among us he was a resolute foe, and no man was more eager than he to repel the rising influence of transatlantic weaknesses and follies, or to make the America of the future more than ever American. As republicanism had been the source of all humane progress in the past, so he felt that to yield to its opponents the slightest foot-hold was to join the party of reaction. For whatever was bold, generous, independent, in politics or thought, he reserved all his sympathy; and his republicanism was not that of a party man, but of a patriot.

Hence he felt an intense interest in the welfare of that system of public instruction upon which all our republicanism is founded, and by whose healthful influence alone we can hope to preserve freedom and enforce human equality. The American system of education had no more resolute friend than Fletcher Harper. He rejoiced to watch the golden links of knowledge spreading from ocean to ocean, the white school-houses springing up in the clefts of the Rocky Mountains and lining the coasts of the Pacific, the triumph of that popular method of teaching which could alone produce at last mental equality; and hence he could not see without indignation the virulent assaults of its foreign or domestic foes. He lost no time in repelling their dangerous violence; he was eager to be the first in defending the chief stronghold of American freedom, and all the powerful influence of his active intellect, all the various instruments of intelligence which he controlled, were vigorously employed in the defense of American education. When many of our political leaders and some of our popular thinkers seemed won over by the subtle arguments of the advocates of sectarian teaching, and when in the city of New York the foreign theory was actually put into exercise, and sectarian schools maintained by the community, when the press was silent and the pulpit even in doubt, Fletcher Harper, at least, never wavered. He threw open his favorite periodical to the discussion of the subject, and *Harper's Weekly* was of the first to demand the destruction of a sectarian rule. In a measure he has been successful. The opponents of the common schools have been silenced if not destroyed. They have been baffled in Arizona and Cincinnati, in New Mexico and on the Pacific coast. They hide, for the moment at least, from the indignation of all true Americans, and the plot against knowledge which had been so carefully concealed is at last made known to all the people. To point out the hidden danger was in this case to insure a final victory.

Yet it is not as the powerful intellect or the unrivaled man of business so much as the tender friend, father, husband, that he would care to be remembered. Age seemed to bring to him none of its usual disadvantages. He was loved and honored to the last. Nor will any one who knew him well soon forget that cheerful voice, that peculiar smile, that overflow of genial courtesy, which made him the friend of all whose friendship he desired; that ready sympathy for all that was generous and manly which kept him free from inferior prejudices; that active hand with which he was ever willing to aid the industrious; that ceaseless care with which he watched over the interests of those in whom he trusted or for whom he was concerned. His life was in general singularly prosperous. He was married at nineteen to a bride of seventeen—that faithful and devoted wife who for more than fifty years seldom left his side, who in sickness would never consent, and whom he could scarcely suffer to leave his presence for a moment. Industry, probity, and activity soon brought him wealth; but in his good fortune he never lost his simplicity. It is one of the remarkable traits of his character that he was immutable: the young man of nineteen was reproduced in the man of seventy. He had never been tossed about by the petty impulses of vanity and ambition; he had never lost his integrity; and hence the joyousness of his youth was revived in his old age, and his heart flowed out as fondly to his wife, family, friends, at seventy as at nineteen.

He rests in one of the sunniest sites in Greenwood, and in a family tomb raised for the four brothers Harper by their descendants. Nor will any one who witnessed the last rites paid to him by weeping friends on that bright day in May forget easily the genuine grief that followed the parting from Fletcher Harper. In his last sickness he was heard to say, when half unconscious, "Side by side! Isn't it wonderful? Side by side!" Side by side the four memorable brothers rest amidst the fairest scenes of nature, united in life and death. Hushed are their pleasant jests, their fraternal railleries, their perpetual gayety, their merry laugh. But they had lived in charity, and died in hope. No man had stronger religious convictions than Fletcher Harper, and a golden future dawned upon him as he left the world.

Eugene Lawrence.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN FICTION.

The novel-readers of England and America have experienced a fresh sensation in the publication of the opening chapters of a new serial story entitled *A Modern Minister*. It is not only by a writer who prefers to remain unknown, as well to his (or her) publishers as to the public, but it comes before the world as the first of a series of fictions called "The Cheveley Novels." The scope of this series, like the name of the author, is for the present a secret; but that it must be large and comprehensive is shown by the list of *dramatis personæ* which precedes the work by way of prologue. It comprises a hundred and twenty characters, whose names, qualities, and station in life are duly chronicled. As a writer in the London *Saturday Review* justly observes, "We are led to expect a sort of English *comédie humaine*, where representatives of each class and type of modern society are to play their parts: the pathetic is to be blended with the humorous; social scenes are to be depicted in almost bewildering variety; while, with the dramatic element predominating over all, the whole is enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery that thins here and there to give us glimpses of thrilling complications." The plot promises to be one of extraordinary intricacy, and many things indicate that it will be conducted through the series, and that the catalogue of characters with which *A Modern Minister* opens will not be wholly disposed of at the close of that novel.

Every one who has read the opening chapters of this remarkable novel is puzzling his brains to solve the mystery that surrounds the authorship. Who can it be that surrounds his or her personality with such a veil of mystery? If a novice in literature, the wonder is that such strength and mastery should be displayed in a first work, that intuition should teach what others have to learn by long practice and perhaps many failures; for there are in this novel no signs of weakness or immaturity, no appearance of effort, and the style is easy, flexible, and picturesque. One looks in vain for the usual ear-marks of a maiden effort. On the other hand, supposing the novel to be the work of an experienced writer, the critics are puzzled to account for the disguise of manner and style that prevents them from discovering the author's personality. When Charles Reade attempted the *incognito* in his *Woman-Hater*, no critical reader was deceived through half a page. "Either Charles Reade or the devil," was the emphatic verdict of more than one reader of that powerful novel before the perusal of the first chapter was finished. But although most critics believe *A Modern Minister* to be the work of some well-known novelist, no two can agree as to who the author may be—whether man or woman, one or a number writing together. Blackwood & Sons, the English publishers of the story, as well as Harper & Brothers, who have purchased the right to publish it in this country, are as much in the dark as their readers. There has been no such mystery in literature since the time when every body wanted to know who wrote "The Waverley Novels." The readers of *Harper's Bazar*, where this story is now in course of publication, have not only the pleasure of perusing a story of absorbing interest, but that of applying themselves to the solving of a literary problem that is puzzling the brains of the foremost critics of England and America.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, **24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist; Fourth Sunday after Trinity.**
Friday, **29.—St. Peter.**

The contest in the British House of Lords over the Burials Bill has resulted in a very decided advance toward a peaceable settlement. The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose liberality and good sense have been conspicuous throughout, carried an amendment providing (1) that when the burial service of the Church of England can not lawfully be used, a special form approved by the bishop may be substituted, and (2) that this special service may be used at any funeral upon the request of the persons having charge of the interment. But the boldest innovation upon the government's bill came from the Earl of Harrowby, who moved a clause permitting burial in the parish yards with any form of religious service, or without service. On this the House of Lords was evenly divided. The Commons will no doubt approve this amendment, and the Queen's ministers must either accept it or withdraw their bill altogether. In any event, the free use of the parish grave-yards, demanded by the Nonconformists, will be secured.

The great day of the Papal Jubilee, June 3, was celebrated with imposing demonstrations in Rome. The Pope received 5000 pilgrims. In this and other American cities the churches were decorated, masses were said, and sermons preached. At the Fordham and Manhattan Catholic colleges there were exercises in which the students and professors participated.

There is no doubt that the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies are destined to a far greater development than they have yet attained. They meet a need of society in non-Christian countries which only women can reach. The Women's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church counts a total income, since its organization in 1869, of $404,000. It has 2196 auxiliary societies, and has charge of ten buildings used as orphanages, homes, or boarding-schools. Five ladies sent out practice medicine in Asia, and one dispensary and three hospitals have been built under their direction. The sum of $65,580 will be raised during the coming year.

The twenty-second Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada began its sessions in Louisville June 6. John V. Farwell, of Chicago, was elected president. The meeting of the convention was preceded by a conference of Association secretaries, which began on Saturday, June 2. Seventy secretaries were in attendance. The discussions all related to the prosecution of Association work.

The Pekin *Gazette*, the official organ of the Chinese government, has recently published, it is said, a proclamation relative to the toleration of Christianity. The purport of it is "that whether the people worship idols, the Shang-ti of the Protestants, or the Heaven's Lord of the Roman Catholics, all are alike the children of the Emperor, and claim his protection."

The inquiry into the wisdom of a Church engaging in the business of publishing received much attention from the Southern Presbyterian Assembly at its late session in New Orleans. The defalcation of the publishing agent of the Assembly's committee to the amount of $22,000 compelled the discussion of new policies. The committee appointed to supervise the work of the agent were exonerated, although they acknowledged that they should have been more watchful. The Assembly determined to publish hereafter by contract, and to sell its establishment in Richmond if possible. Hereafter a strict "system of checks and balances" will be adopted. The subject is a most important one, as not a few of the Churches in the United States are manufacturers and publishers of books. The Northern Presbyterian, the Methodist Episcopal, the Southern Methodist, the Evangelical Association (Albrights), and the United Brethren may all be named as following this policy.

The Board of Delegates of American Israelites has some functions very similar to those of the United States Evangelical Alliance. It aims to secure freedom from oppression for Jews all over the world. At its recent session in this city a report was read on the condition of their co-religionists in Palestine. It was agreed that "a foreign mission" to the Palestinian Jews should be established, but mainly for the purpose of promoting secular, and especially industrial, education. A very good work has been done by this board in the compilation of the statistics of Jews in the United States. The total for the whole Union is 250,000. Of this number, 60,000 are credited to New York city. There are 341 congregations, with a property of the value of $5,897,400; fourteen asylums and hospitals maintained by Jews; fifteen magazines and newspapers; and four secret orders for charitable and defensive objects. These are, the B'nai B'rith, with 20,000 members; the Independent Order of the Free Sons of Israel, with 8664 members; the Kesher Shel Barzel, with 10,000; and the Improved Order of the Free Sons of Israel, with 2362.

At the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church of this country, which met in Sparta, Illinois, May 23, the question of permitting the use of instrumental music came up. The deliverances of this Assembly have heretofore been against such music. The permission asked for was refused. The statistics showed eight Synods, fifty-seven Presbyteries, 640 ministers, 783 congregations, 7676 members received during the year, over 50,000 members, and 58,800 Sunday-school scholars.

The six co-operative societies supported by the Congregationalists of our country have adopted the practice of holding their annual meetings in the successive hours of one day. This was done on May 31 at the Tremont Temple, Boston, but the attendance was small throughout. The six societies are the Publishing Society, the American College and Education Society, the American Congregational Union, the American Home Missionary Society, the American Board, and the American Missionary Association. The Education Society reported receipts to the amount of $57,000; the Union (for church building), $32,969; the American Home Missionary Society, $293,712; the American Missionary Association, $264,700. Some of these societies held anniversaries in New York also. The Congregational Association, which has charge of the Congregational Home in Boston, reported $8000 receipts for the year.

The proposed revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith is more agitated in Scotland than in the United States. It came up in the session of the Scotch United Presbyterian Synod last month. The Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Glasgow, one of the most distinguished ministers of that Church, has withdrawn from it on account of the opposition shown in the Synod to his proposals of revision.

All the periodicals of England, it may safely be said, have been occupied with comments upon the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Queen's Privy Council in the Folkestone ritual case. Trifling as the questions involved appear upon their surface, it is well understood by the contestants that they contain other and all-important questions of principle. It will be remembered that the court decided the crucifix and vestments to be unlawful, the wafer bread also, unless it be bread such as is usually eaten, but allowed the eastward position at the communion table, provided that every manual act of the clergyman in consecrating and breaking the bread could be observed by the people. The *Church Times* (ritualist) says that the concession of the eastward position will secure the setting forth of "that sacrificial doctrine which is the real matter of contention, underlying the surface dispute about robes and gestures." This is candid, and goes to the core of the matter. Whether the Lord's Supper shall be a memorial of Christ's sufferings, or a sacrificial offering of Christ Himself by the priest, are the two opposing views which are struggling for mastery in the Church of England. The *Church Review* says: "We must completely ignore the Judicial Committee and all its works. To accept this committee as speaking the voice of the Church of God in this country we leave to the Prosecution Company (Limited), who are ready to accept any thing as the voice of the Church, no matter how Antichristian, if only it be Protestant." Dr. Pusey, being asked, What is to be done? says, "I should give up nothing in consequence of this judgment." All the indications show that the ritualists will resist the operation of the law step by step, and will not yield any point which they consider to be essential.

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

X.—THE JILT.

A YARN.

PART IV.

All this time the schooner had been running thirteen knots an hour before a southwest breeze, and Laxton soon saw a port under his lee, with many ships at anchor. The sight fired his poor brain; he unfurled two black pennants with a white head and crossed bones, one at each of his mast-heads, and flew a similar ensign at his main-peak, and so stood in for the anchorage, like a black kite swooping into a poultry-yard.

Greaves soon came to from his fit; but he had a racking pain across the brow, and the doctor dreaded brain-fever. However, a violent bleeding relieved the sufferer, and Nature, relenting, sent this much-enduring man a long, heavy sleep, whence he awoke with an even pulse, but fell into a sullen, dogged state of mind, sustained only by some vague and not very reasonable hope of vengeance.

But now the ladies interfered; from one to another they had picked up some of his story. He was the one hero of romance in the ship; and, his ill luck, bodily and mental, before their eyes, their hearts melted with pity, and they came to the rescue. However timid a single lady may be, four can find courage, when acting in concert. They visited him in his cabin in pairs; they made him in one day, by division of labor, a fine cloth shoe for his bad foot; they petted him, and poured consolation on him; and one of them, Mrs. General Meredith, who had a mellow, sympathetic voice, after beating coyly about the bush a bit, wormed his whole story out of him, and instantly told it to the others, and they were quite happy the rest of the voyage, having a real live love story to talk over. Mrs. Meredith gave him her address at Hong-Kong, and made him promise to call on her.

At last they reached that port, and the passengers dispersed. Greaves went on board the *Centaur*, and was heartily welcomed.

He reported his arrival to the admiral, and fell at once into the routine of duty. He intended to confide in his good-natured friend the second mate, but was deterred by hearing that a new steam-corvette was about to be dispatched to the island to look after pirates. She was to be ready in less than a month.

Nothing was more likely than that the admiral would give the command to his flag-lieutenant. Indeed, the chances were five to one. So Greaves said to himself, "I'll hold my tongue about that madman, and then if I have the good luck to fall in with him, I can pretend to take him for a pirate, and board him, and rescue her."

So he held his tongue, and in due course it was notified to him that he was to command the corvette, as soon as her armament should be complete.

It did not escape Lieutenant Greaves that the mad cruiser might be cruising in Polynesia while he was groping the Chinese islands with his corvette. Still there was a chance; and as it seemed the only one, his sad heart clung to it. In England, time and a serious malady had closed his wound; but the sight of Ellen's face, pale and unhappy, and the possession of her letter, which proved that she feared her husband more than she loved him, had opened his wound again, and renewed all his love and all his pain.

But while he was waiting and sickening with impatience at the delays in fitting out his corvette for service, an incident occurred that struck all his plans aside in a moment, and taught him how impossible it is for a man to foresee what a single day may bring forth.

Admiral Hervey was on the quarter-deck of the *Centaur*, and a group of his officers conversing to leeward of him, at a respectful distance, when suddenly a schooner, making for the port, hoisted a black flag, with death's-head and cross-bones at her mast-heads and her main-peak, and came bowling in. She steered right for the *Centaur*, just shaved her stern, ran on about a cable's length, hove up in the wind, and anchored between the flag-ship and the port she was watching.

It really looked as if this comic pirate meant to pour his little broadside into the mighty *Centaur*, and get blown out of the water in a moment.

Then Greaves began to ask himself whether he was right not to tell the admiral all about this vessel. But while he hesitated, that worthy did not. He grinned at the absurdity of the thing, but he frowned at the impudence. "This won't do," he said. Then, turning toward his officers, "Lieutenant Greaves!"

"Sir."

"Take an armed party, and bring the master of that schooner to me."

"Ay, Sir."

In a very few minutes, Lieutenant Greaves, with two boats containing armed sailors and marines, and the union-jack flying, put off from the *Centaur* and boarded the schooner.

At sight of his cocked hat, the schooner's men slunk forward and abandoned their commander. He sat aft, on a barrel of gunpowder, a revolver in each hand, and vociferated.

Greaves stepped up, and fixed his eye on him. He was raving mad, and dangerous. Greaves ordered two stout fellows to go round him, while he advanced. Then, still fixing his eye on the maniac, he so mesmerized him that he did not notice the other assailants. At one moment they pinned him behind, and Greaves bounded on him like a cat. Bang!—bang!—went two shots, ploughing the deck, and Laxton was secured and tied, and bundled, shrieking, cursing, and foaming, on board one of the boats, and taken to the flag-ship.

Meantime, Greaves stepped forward, and said a few words to the men: "Now then, Jack, do you want to get into trouble?"

The men's caps went off in a moment, "No, your honor; it ain't our fault."

"Then strike those ridiculous colors, and fly your union-jack at the main-peak; this schooner is under royal command for the present."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

This was done in a moment, and meantime Greaves ran down the companion ladder, and knocked at the cabin door.

No answer.

Knocked again, and listened.

He heard a faint moan.

He drew back as far as he could, ran furiously at the door, and gave it such a tremendous kick with his sound foot that the lock gave way, and the door burst open.

Then the scared Ellen saw a cocked hat in the doorway, and the next moment her old lover was by her side, untying her hair, and cutting the ligatures carefully, with tender ejaculations of pity.

"Oh, Arthur!" she sobbed. "Ah! go away—he will kill us both."

"No, no; don't you be frightened. He is under arrest; and I command the schooner, by the admiral's orders. Don't tremble so, darling; it is all over. Why, you are under the guns of the flag-ship, and you have got me. Oh, my poor Ellen, did ever I think to see you used like this!"

So then they had a cry together; and he said every thing in the world to comfort her.

But it was not to be done in a moment. The bonds were gone, but the outrage remained. "I want a woman," she cried, and hid her face. "Arthur, bring me a woman."

"That I will," said he; and, seeing paper and envelopes on a table, he dashed off a line to the admiral:

"Lady on board the schooner in great distress. May I send her ashore to female friends?"

He sent the remaining boat off with this, and the answer came back directly:

"Act according to your discretion. You can go ashore."

As soon as he got this, he told Mrs. Laxton he would take her to Mrs. General Meredith, or invite that lady on board.

Mrs. Laxton said she felt unable to move; so then Greaves dispatched a midshipman in the boat, with a hasty line, and assisted Mrs. Laxton to the sofa, and, holding her hand, begged her to dismiss all her fears.

She was too shaken, however, to do that, and sat crying and quivering; she seemed ashamed too, and humiliated. So this honest fellow, thinking she would perhaps be glad if he left her, placed two marines at her cabin door, to give her confidence, and went on deck and gave some orders, which were promptly obeyed.

But very soon he was sent for to the cabin. "Pray don't desert me," said Mrs. Laxton. "The sight of you gives me courage." After a while she said, "Ah, you return good for evil."

"Don't talk like that," said he. "Why, I am the happiest fellow afloat now. I got your letter. But I never thought I should be so happy as to rescue you."

"Happy!" said she. "I shall never be happy again. And I don't believe you will. Pray don't forget I am a married woman."

"I don't forget that."

"Married to a madman. I hope no harm will come to him."

"I will take care no harm comes to *you*."

Then Greaves, who had read no French novels, and respected the marriage tie, became more distant and respectful, and to encourage her, said, "Mrs. Laxton, the lady I have sent to admired you on board the ship, and I am sure, if she gets my letter, she will do more for you than a poor fellow like me can, now you are out of danger. She is a general's wife, and was very kind to me."

"You are very good and thoughtful," said Mrs. Laxton.

Then there was an awkward silence, and it was broken by the arrival of the boat, with General Meredith and his wife.

Greaves got them on board the schooner, shook hands with the lady, and proposed to her to see Mrs. Laxton alone.

"You are right," said she.

Greaves showed her to the cabin; and I don't know all that passed, but in a very short time these ladies, who had never met but once, were kissing each other, with wet eyes.

Mrs. Meredith insisted on taking her new friend home with her. Mrs. Laxton acquiesced joyfully; and, for once, a basket of lady's clothes was packed in five minutes.

The boat put off again, and Greaves looked sad. So Mrs. Meredith smiled to him, and said, "You know where to find us. Don't be long."

Greaves watched the boat till it was lost among the small shipping, then placed the midshipman in charge, and went at once on board the flag-ship.

Here he heard that the master of the schooner had been taken on the quarter-deck, and requested, civilly enough, to explain his extraordinary conduct; but had sworn at the admiral, and called him an old woman; whereupon the admiral had not shown any anger, but had said, "Clap him in irons," concluding that was what he expected and desired.

Then this doughty sailor, Greaves, who had been going to kill his rival at sight, etc., was seized with compunction the moment that rival was powerless. He went boldly to the admiral, and asked leave to give information. He handed him Mrs. Laxton's letter.

"Oh," said the admiral, "then he is mad."

"As a March hare, Sir. And I'm afraid putting him in irons will make him worse. It is a case for a lunatic asylum."

"You won't find one here; but the marine hospital has a ward for lunatics. I know that, for we had to send a foretop-man there last week. I'll give you an order, and you can take him ashore at once."

Then Greaves actually took the poor wretch who had wrecked his happiness, and was now himself a wreck, on board a boat, and conveyed him to the hospital, and instructed the manager not to show him any unnecessary severity, but to guard against self-destruction.

Then he went directly to Mrs. Meredith and reported what he had done.

Mrs. Laxton, in spite of all remonstrance, would go and see her husband that night; but she found him in a strait-waistcoat, foaming and furious, and using such language, she was obliged to retire horror-stricken.

About five in the morning he burst a blood-vessel in the brain, and at noon next day all his troubles were over.

Mrs. Laxton mourned him, and buried him, and Greaves held aloof, not liking to go near her just now; for he was too frank and simple to pretend he shared her grief. Yet he had sense enough to understand that, at such a time, a generous spirit remembers only a man's good qualities; and Laxton had many; but, even when he married Ellen Ap Rice, the seeds were in him of that malady which destroyed him at last.

However, if Greaves was out of the widow's sight, he was not out of her mind, for Mrs. Meredith knew his whole tale, and told her how he had gone to Tenby, and had taken her marriage to heart, and had been at death's door in London.

At last Greaves called, having the excuse of a message from the admiral. He wished to know if Mrs. Laxton would sell eight of her guns to the government, and also allow her sailors to be drafted into his ships, all but two, that number being sufficient to take care of her vessel in port.

Mrs. Laxton said, "I shall do nothing of the kind, without *your* advice, Arthur—Mr. Greaves. Why, how am I to get home?"

Then Greaves advised her to sell the guns, for they were worse than useless; but to part with the men only on condition that the admiral would man the schooner, "when required," with new hands, that had never played tricks at sea under her late commander.

Greaves called once or twice in the course of this negotiation, and thought Ellen had never looked so lovely as in her widow's cap. But he felt bound to abstain from making love, though he was bursting with it, and both ladies saw it, and pretended not.

But one day he came to them in great dismay, and told them the guns had been bought for the steam-corvette he was to command, and she would be ready in a week, and he should have to go on his cruise. "I am very unfortunate," said he.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when his friend, the second lieutenant, was announced. "Beg pardon, ladies; but here's a letter from the admiral, for Greaves; and we all hope it's promotion."

He produced an enormous letter, and, sure enough, Lieutenant Greaves was now a commander. "Hurrah!" shouted the second lieutenant, and retired.

"This would have made me very happy, once," said Greaves; then cast a despairing look at Ellen, and went off, all in a hurry, not to break down.

Then Mrs. Laxton had a cry round her friend's neck.

But next day the same Greaves came in all joyous. "I was a fool," said he. "I forgot the rule of the service. An admiral can't have two commanders. That fine fellow, who came after me with the news, is lieutenant, in my place, and I'm to go home for orders."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Ellen. "When must you go?"

"Oh, I dare say I might stay another fortnight or so. When are you going home, Mrs. Laxton?"

"The very first opportunity; and Mrs. Meredith is to go with me. Won't it be nice?"

"Yes," said he; "but it would be nicer if I could be third man. But no such luck for me, I suppose."

Those two ladies now put their heads together, and boarded the admiral! He knew Mrs. Meredith; but was a little surprised, though too true a tar to be displeased. They were received in his cabin, and opened their business.

Mrs. Laxton wanted to go home immediately in her schooner, and she had no crew.

"Well, madam, you are not to suffer for your civility to *us*. We will man your schooner for you in forty-eight hours."

"Oh, thank you, admiral! But the worst of it is I have no one to command her."

"No sailing-master?"

"No; my poor husband sailed her himself."

"Ay, I remember, poor fellow. Besides" (looking at the beautiful widow), "I would not trust you to a sailing-master."

"What we thought, admiral, was, that as we gave up the guns and the sailors, perhaps you would be so kind as to lend us an officer."

"What, out of her Majesty's fleet? I could not do that. But, now I think of it, I've got the very man for you. Here's Commander Greaves, going home on his promotion. He is as good an officer as any on the station."

"Oh, admiral, if *you* think so well of him, he will be a godsend to poor us."

"Well, then, he is at your service, ladies; and you could not do better."

Greaves was a proud and joyful man. "My luck has turned," said he.

He ballasted the schooner and provisioned her, at Mrs. Laxton's expense, who had received a large sum of money for her guns. The two ladies occupied the magnificent cabin. He took a humbler berth, weighed anchor, and away for old England.

I shall not give the reader any nautical details of another voyage, but a brief sketch of things distinct from navigation that happened on board.

Mrs. Laxton was coy for some days; then friendly; then affectionate; and, off the Cape, tyrannical, "You are not the Arthur Greaves I remember," said she; "he had not a horrid beard."

"Why, I suffered for not having one," said he.

"What I mean," said she, "you do not awaken in me the associations you would but for that—appendage."

"You wish those associations awakened?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then let me see you as you used to be—Arthur."

The beard came off next morning.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Laxton, and, to do her justice, she felt a little compunction at her tyranny, and disposed to reconcile him to his loss. She was so kind to him that, at Madeira, he asked her to marry him.

"To be sure I will," said she—"some day. Why, I believe we are engaged."

"I am sure of it," said he.

"Then, of course, I *must* marry you. But there's one—little—condition."

"Must I grow a beard again?"

"No. The condition is—I am afraid you won't like it."

"Perhaps not; but I don't care, if I am to be paid by marrying you."

"Well, then, it is—you must leave the service."

"Leave the service! You can not be serious? What, just when I am on the road to the red flag at the fore! Besides, how are we to live? I have no other means at present, and I am not going to wait for dead men's shoes."

"Papa is rich, *dear*, and I can sell the yacht for a trading vessel. She is worth ten thousand pounds, I'm told."

"Oh, then I am to be idle, and eat my wife's bread."

"And butter, *dear*. I promise it shall not be dry bread."

"I prefer a crust, earned like a man."

"You don't mean to say that you won't leave the service to oblige *me, Sir?*"

"Any thing else you like; but I can not leave the service."

"Then I can't marry you, my sailor bold," chanted the tyrannical widow, and retired to her cabin.

She told Mrs. Meredith, and that lady scolded her and lectured her till she pouted and was very nearly crying.

However, she vouchsafed an explanation—"One requires change. I have been the slave of one man, and now I *must* be the tyrant of another."

Mrs. Meredith suggested that rational freedom would be a sufficient change from her condition under Laxton.

"Rational freedom!" said the widow, contemptuously; "that is neither one thing nor the other. I will be a slave or a tyrant. He will give in, as he did about the beard, if you don't interfere. I'll be cross one day, and affectionate the next, and all sweetness the next. He will soon find out which he likes best, and he will give in, poor dear fellow."

I suppose that in a voyage round the world these arts might have conquered; but they sighted the Lizard without Greaves yielding, and both were getting unhappy; so Mrs. Meredith got them together, and proposed she should marry him, and if, in one year after marriage, she insisted on his leaving the service, he would be bound in honor to do so.

"I'm afraid that comes to the same thing," said Greaves.

"No, it does not," said Mrs. Meredith. "Long before a year she will have given up her nonsensical notion that wives can be happy tyrannizing over the man they love, and you will be master."

"Aha!" said Mrs. Laxton, "we shall see."

This being settled, Ellen suddenly appeared with her engaged ring on her finger, and was so loving that Greaves was almost in heaven. They landed Mrs. Meredith, with all the honors, at Plymouth, and telegraphed the Mayor of Tenby. Next day they sailed into the Welsh harbor, and landed. They were both received with open arms by the mayor and old Dewar; and it was the happiest house in Wales.

Ellen staid at home; but Greaves lived on board the ship till the wedding day.

Ellen, still on the doctrine of opposition, would be cried in church, because the last time she had been married by license, and, as she had sailed away from church the first time, she would travel by land, and no farther than St. David's.

They were soon back at Tenby; and she ordered Greaves to take her on board the yacht, with a black leather bag.

"Take that into the cabin, dear," said she.

Then she took some curious keys out of her pocket, and opened a secret place that nobody would have discovered. She showed him a great many bags of gold and a pile of bank-notes. "We are not so very poor, Arthur," said she. "You will have a little butter to your bread. You know I promised you should. And there is money settled on me; and he left me a great deal of money, besides, when he was in his senses, poor fellow. I could not tell before; or papa would have had it settled on me; and that lowers a husband. Being hen-pecked a *very little—quite privately*—does not," said she, cajolingly.

Greaves was delighted, within certain limits. "I am glad to find you are rich," said he. "But I hope you won't make me leave the service. Money is not every thing."

"I promise never to discharge you from *my* service, dear. I know your value too well."

They spent a happy fortnight in Tenby, as man and wife.

One day they walked on the south sands, and somehow found themselves in Merlin's Cave.

Here Ellen sat, with her head on that faithful shoulder, and he looking down on her with inexpressible tenderness.

Presently she gave a scream, and started up, and was out of the cavern in a moment. He followed her, a little alarmed. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, Arthur, a dream! Such a dreadful one! I dreamed I played you false, and married a gentleman with a beard, and he was mad, and took me all round the world, and ill-used me, and tied me by the hair, and you rescued me; and then I found, too late, it was you I esteemed and loved, and so we were parted forever. Oh, what a dream! *And* so vivid!"

"How extraordinary!" said he. "Would you believe I dreamed that I lost you in that very way, and was awfully ill, and went to sea again, and found you lashed to a table by your beautiful hair, and lost to me forever?"

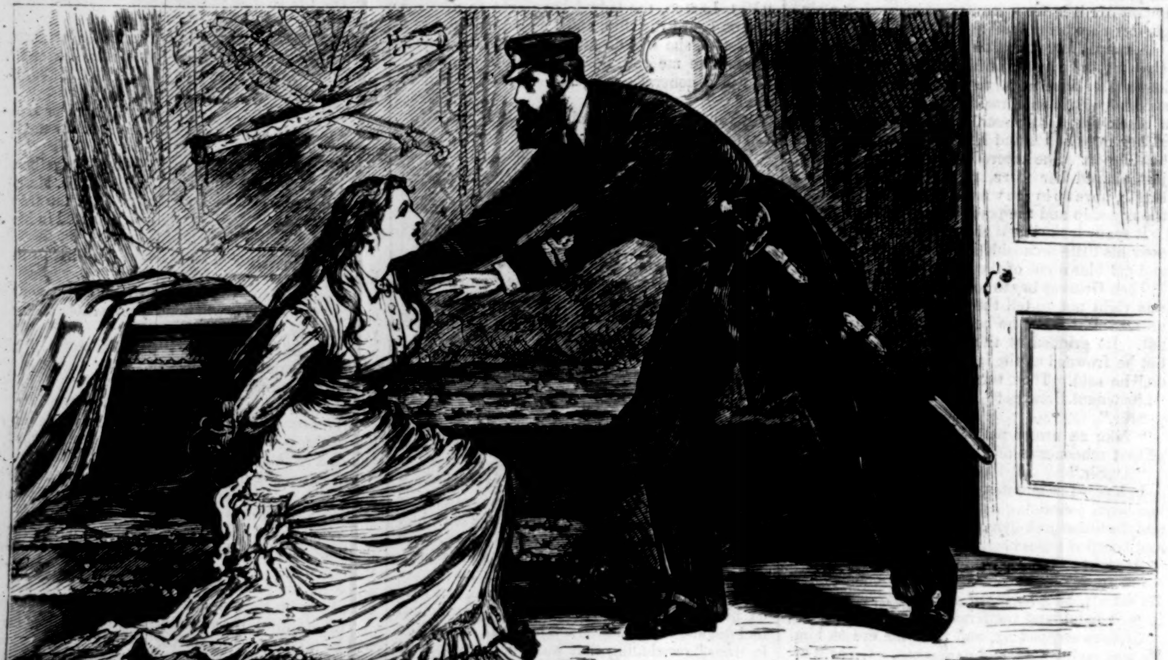
"Poor Arthur! What a blessing it was only a dream!"

Soon after this little historical arrangement they settled in London; and Mrs. Greaves, being as beautiful as ever, and extremely rich, exerted her powers of pleasing to advance her husband's interests. The consequence is, he remains in the service, but is at present employed in the Education Department. She no longer says he must leave the service; her complaint now is that she loves him too well to govern him properly. But she is firm on this, that, if he takes a command, she shall go with him; and she will do it, too.

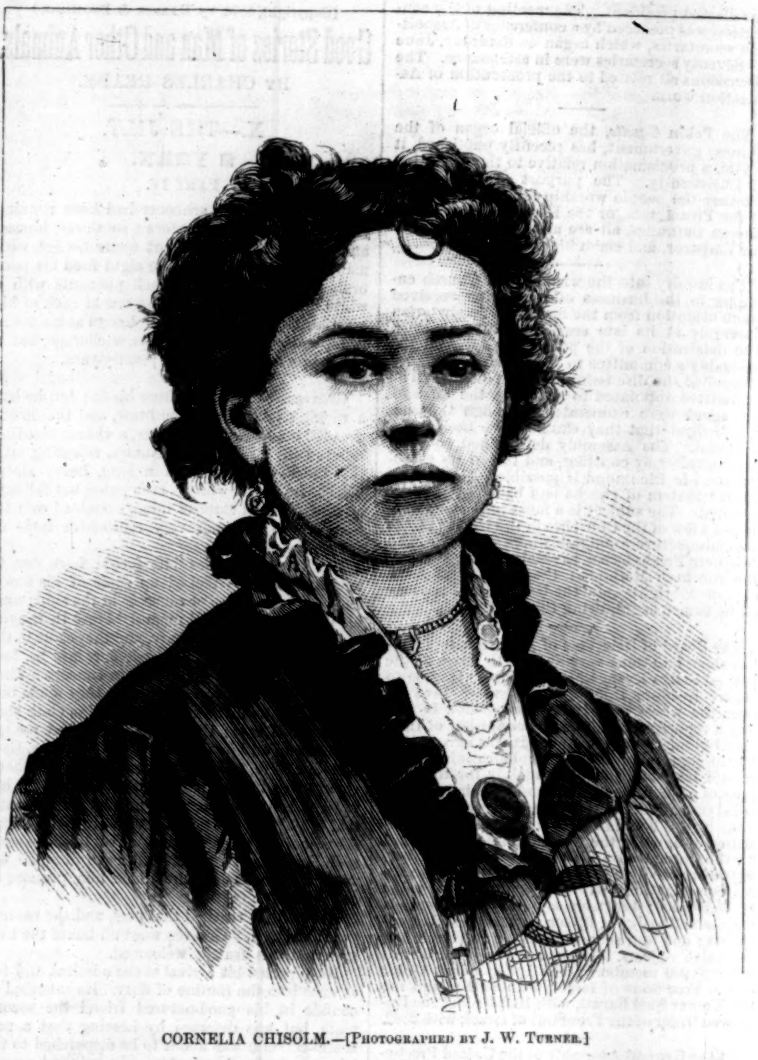
Her ripe beauty is dazzling; she is known to be rich. The young fellows look from her to her husband, and say, "What on earth could she have seen in that man, to marry him?"

I wonder how many of these young swells will vie with him in earnest, and earn a lovely woman both by doing and suffering!

THE END.



"THE NEXT MOMENT HER OLD LOVER WAS BY HER SIDE, UNTYING HER HAIR."



CORNELIA CHISOLM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. TURNER.]

THE CHISOLM TRAGEDY.

WE give on this page the portrait of the brave girl **CORNELIA CHISOLM**, who lost her life while attempting to shield her father against the savage and infuriated mob that assailed him in the De Kalb (Mississippi) jail, where he had been imprisoned on the charge of having instigated the murder of a political opponent. The story is in brief as follows:

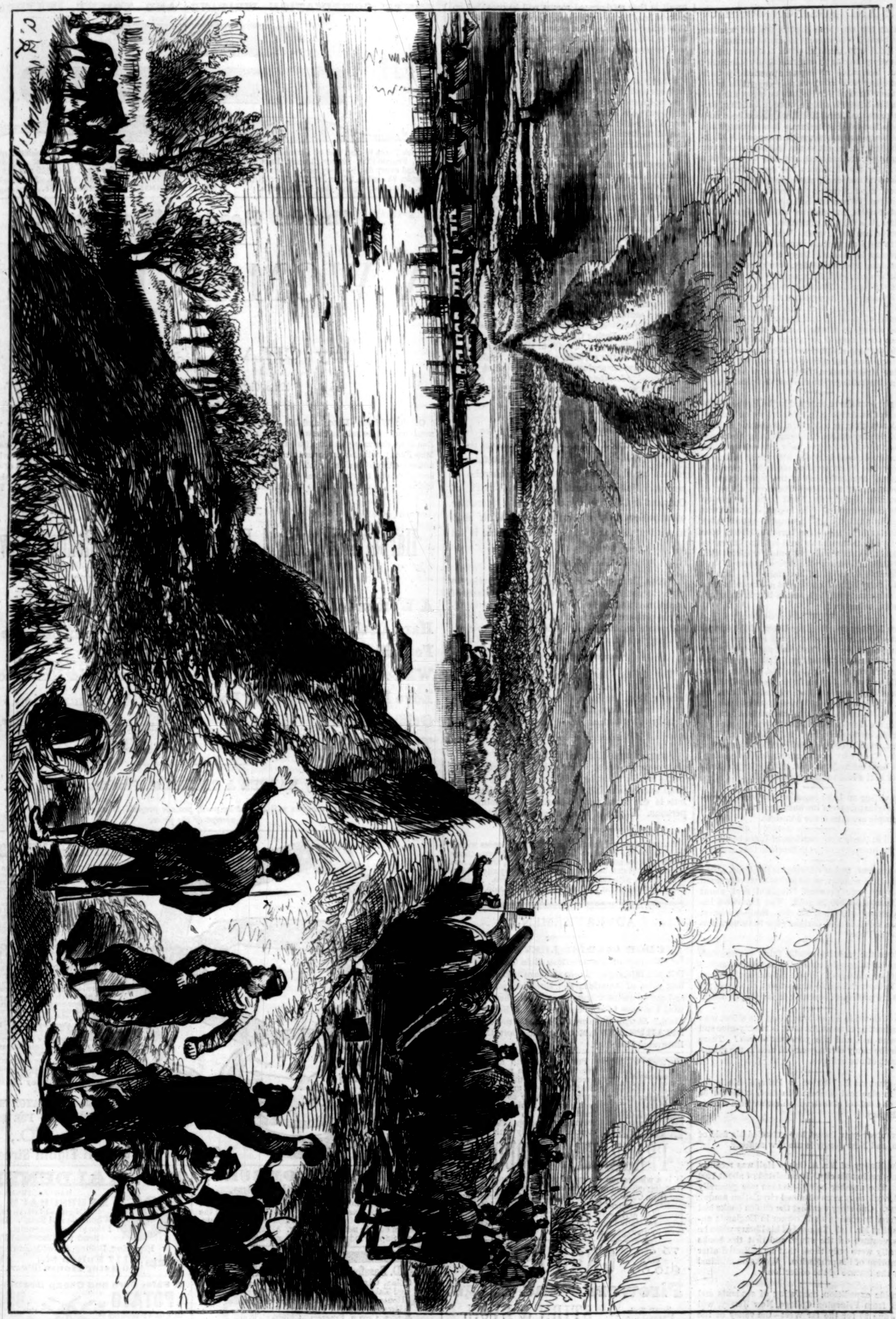
On Thursday evening, April 26, **JOHN W. GULLY**, a citizen of Kemper County, Mississippi, was assassinated by an unknown party. On the Saturday following, two colored men made affidavit that a Mr. **BENJAMIN RUSH**, a white man, was the guilty party, and the crime was instigated by Judge **CHISOLM**, a well-known and active Republican. His son, **CLAY CHISOLM**, and three other Republicans, **GILMER**, **ROSENBAUM**, and **HOPPER**, all whites, were also accused of complicity in the murder. The judge and his son were arrested and imprisoned at De Kalb, and Mrs. **CHISOLM**, her daughter, and a little son called **JOHNNIE**, insisted on sharing their confinement. At the judge's request, guards were stationed in the hall where he was confined. They were armed with double-barreled guns, but it subsequently appeared that these with one exception, were loaded with powder and wadding only. This was Sunday morning.

Judge **CHISOLM** on being arrested sent for **GILMER**, who came into the town on Sunday, and was immediately arrested. He was surrounded by an infuriated crowd. On nearing the jail he made a sudden effort to escape, but was shot down and killed. About three in the afternoon several of the guards requested the sheriff to relieve them, and five retired, leaving their guns leaning against the wall. A friend of Judge **CHISOLM'S**, a Scotchman named **M'LELLAN**, refused to go for some time, but at length acceded to the request of the sheriff. He was delivered by that officer into the hands of the mob, who instantly shot him dead. The mob, headed by a Dr. **DAVID ROSSER**, then forced their way into the hall where the judge was confined. A terrible scene followed. Judge **CHISOLM** seized the guns and retired to the further end of the hall, determined to sell his life dearly. **CLAY CHISOLM** caught up his young brother and endeavored to hide him behind a large iron cage. The rest of the awful story must be told in Mrs. **CHISOLM'S** own words:

"Before **CLAY** could spring back to take his place against the door, **JOHNNIE** cried out, 'Oh, my father!' and sprang between his father and **ROSSER**, who, he saw, was in the act of shooting him. **ROSSER** placed his gun at the heart of my little boy, and fired its contents into his body. At that instant my husband obtained the only loaded gun there, which had been brought from our house, and killed **ROSSER**. After the lock had been chopped out of the door, I sprang inside to give the alarm that the mob had fired the jail. My daughter's face was covered with blood from wounds caused by shot which had rebounded after striking the iron bars. I told my husband to fight his way through, not knowing then that the guns which had been left by the guard had been loaded with powder only by the sheriff.

"With **CLAY'S** assistance I carried **JOHNNIE'S** dead body down stairs, through the hall, to the outside door. Turning, I saw a renewal of the attack, and my husband coming down with our daughter's arm around his waist. At this time old **HENRY GULLY** was at the door. I urged him back, holding the door with both hands. He put his gun through the grating, and **CORNELIA**, throwing her arm around her father's neck, told **GULLY** to kill her and spare her father. **GULLY** placed the gun within a few inches of her and fired, her arm receiving the contents of both barrels. Another gun was handed **GULLY** by a boy, which he fired, and shot my husband. **PHIL GULLY** ran up with a club, but another shot finished him [her husband], and he fell, exclaiming, 'My precious wife, I die innocent; my entire family murdered; but if any of my children live, I want them to know I have never done an act nor harbored a thought which would make them blush.'

"**CLAY** tried to stand between him and his murderers, while **CORNELIA** and I ran to the door to obtain help to carry my husband home. The blood was running from **CORNELIA'S** shattered arm, which she held up, and begged for help. The answer was a shot in her leg. By this time about twenty-five of the crowd ran in. I hastened back to where my husband lay, and seized a



ON THE DANUBE—BLOWING UP THE "LUTFI DJELIL," TURKISH GUN-BOAT, AS SEEN FROM THE RUSSIAN BATTERY AT BRAILA.

gun. The leader started back and fired a shot at me. I then fired at him, and the crowd fled again. My son and myself, with the help of one of the demons who assisted in killing my husband, carried him home. We were pursued by the mob to our gate. **CORNELIA** kept her bleeding body between us and them. Arriving home, I found the servants had fled with the keys, and we had to force the window open, through which we climbed. A kind negro brought my dead boy home, but was afraid to remain."

CORNELIA CHISOLM lingered a few days, tenderly cared for by devoted friends; but the shock was too great for endurance, and she gradually sank into the sleep of death. She was delicate and highly accomplished, and had recently graduated from a young ladies' academy with honor. Her noble courage and sad fate have awakened deep sympathy in every civilized community; but no punishment has yet overtaken the savages who murdered her, or the officials who were accomplices in the crime.

ON THE DANUBE.

WE have already mentioned in our news columns the blowing up of a Turkish Monitor, called the *Lutfi Djelil*, on the Danube. The occurrence took place on the 12th of May. The Monitor was struck by a shell from a Russian shore battery, and sank immediately. The number of men on board is said to have been two hundred, including the officers, and all perished except one man, who was picked up by the Russian steam-launches and taken to the military hospital. He was terribly scalded, either by the steam or hot water of the engine boiler or by the explosion of the powder magazine. The Turks, indeed, declare that their gun-boat was not blown up by the shell, but was accidentally destroyed by a steam-boiler explosion. On the other hand, the Russian commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke **NICHOLAS**, in a review held recently at Plojesti, decorated Sub-Lieutenant **ROMANOVSKY** with the cross of St. George for aiming the lucky shot at the *Lutfi Djelil*. That vessel had two revolving turrets on her deck, with two large guns in each turret.

On page 481 will be found a view of Adehkaleh, the first Turkish fortress on the Danube after passing the Servian frontier. It is an isolated fortress, protected from bombardment on the north by a narrow strip of neutral ground between Hungary and Roumania. On the Servian side the mountains descend so steeply to the very water's edge that it would be difficult to place guns in position there.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A week at the sea-shore during the hot weather would be a blessed refreshment to a poor mother with her feeble child, who, unaided, could not incur the expense of leaving the city at all. The West Side Relief Association has made arrangements whereby it is hoped that many poor mothers may enjoy this privilege. In the village of Far Rockaway, a few minutes' walk from the beach, is a large wooden building, formerly known as the Grand Hotel, which has been converted into a Sea-side Sanitarium. It is in charge of a matron, is clean and roomy, with a capacious kitchen and laundry. Adjacent to the building about two acres of ground are inclosed, and will be used as a play-ground for the children. The association owns a strip of land on the beach, where are temporary buildings for cooking and eating purposes, and twenty-six bathing-houses. When the ladies of the association, in their relief visits, find mothers with young and delicate children, it is the plan of this charity to send them to the Sanitarium for a week. While there they are expected to help themselves as much as possible, as strict economy is needed. They are provided with three nourishing meals each day, with plenty of milk for the little ones, and arrangements are made for bathing at the beach. The invigorating sea air works wonderful changes in the aspect of these weary mothers and sick children. Even this brief release from the closeness of their tenement rooms often restores health, and always is beneficial and refreshing. It is stated that such careful reduction of expenses has been made that for about three dollars a mother and one or two children can receive the benefit of the Sea-side Sanitarium for a week. There are few better uses to which a charitable person can put three dollars.

Not long ago an alarm occurred in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Antonio, in this city, which narrowly escaped resulting in a frightful disaster. A large number of Sunday-school children, having been confirmed, were about to receive their first communion. The girls were dressed in white, with gauze veils, and as they marched in procession, each child carried a lighted taper. Suddenly one of the tapers came in contact with one of the veils. There was a flash of flame, a sudden cry of "fire," and instant confusion among the congregation. The impending panic was with difficulty quelled by the prompt measures taken by the priests and ushers. The burning veil had been instantly torn from the child's head and the fire extinguished, and the children obeyed orders and kept still. Had they done otherwise, with lighted tapers in their hands, a terrible scene would have followed. But for children to carry lighted candles at all, in such dress and with such surroundings, seems like inviting the most dreadful calamity.

The Free Library and Reading-Room of the Cooper Union have been in operation about eighteen years. The reading-room is open from half past eight in the morning until ten in the evening. There are at present 310 papers and periodicals on file, and the popularity of this resort is demonstrated by the librarian's report that 609,000 persons have visited it during the past year. These visitors have also in a single month called for 14,400 books and 2922 magazines. In October, 1872, the Cooper Union Library was opened for the first time on Sunday, from 12 M. to 9 P.M. This experiment, tried after much deliberation, has proved successful. The order and decorum in the reading-room have been unexceptionable, and the large attendance shows that a real want is thus supplied.

Onota, a village on Lake Superior, has been destroyed by fire originating from the burning forests. Seven hundred people are thus made homeless.

A rain-fall in the famine districts of India has much improved the prospects of the sufferers in that country.

Ireland has sent, as her offering to the Pope, about $115,000, most of which was contributed in very small sums by very poor persons. England sent about $75,000; Canada, $40,000 in gold. The American Ladies' Committee subscribed $16,000. Besides money, many other valuable and curious gifts have been forwarded to the Pope.

With June the yachting season fairly commenced, and the regattas appointed for the month are anticipated with keen interest. If one is fond of the water, yachting is the fashionable amusement nowadays; if land trips are preferred, coaching is the proper thing.

We see it stated in an exchange that the oldest man in the graduating class at Amherst is twenty-nine and a half years old, and the youngest *eleven!* There should not be many eleven-year-old men in the graduating classes of our colleges.

The Permanent Exhibition in Philadelphia is increasing in size and interest. In fact, it should be regarded as a school of instruction rather than a competitive display.

The seventeen-year locust has extended his field of operation, and New Jersey is the new sufferer.

The law library of Mr. A. Oakey Hall was recently sold at auction in this city. It consisted of about 1200 volumes. The number being less than was generally supposed, various rumors obtained circulation among the bidders. One story was that the choice books had been reserved to send to their owner in England; another was that Mr. Hall disposed of his library when he made his venture on the stage, and that the books sold recently were only those that he collected after the resumption of his profession. Works on criminal law were the feature of the collection.

A scientific expedition, consisting of students and professors from Princeton College, New Jersey, will start on June 20 for the far West—the valley of the Green River, a branch of the Colorado, being the field of explorations. The primary object is to collect materials for the college museum and secure valuable material for the scientific school. The trustees have contributed $5000 toward defraying expenses.

At a recent meeting in this city of the committee of the National Butter, Cheese, and Egg Association the subject of refrigerated rooms in steam-ships for the transportation of dairy products was discussed. The need of some provision of this kind, it was urged, is very great. The exports of butter and cheese last year from New York alone were more than 104,000,000 pounds, the shipment of butter reaching 10,500,000 pounds. A sub-committee was appointed to make inquiries among steam-ship companies to ascertain the disposition of the managers of different lines, and the result is that refrigerated rooms will be provided on certain lines for the transportation of dairy products. It is believed that the production of good butter in all dairies will be stimulated by this arrangement, as it will be possible to export the best grades without injury.

Schools among the Indians seem to be flourishing. In the school at the Comanche Agency there are sixty-five pupils, and at the Wichita Agency there are ninety. If there were better accommodations, the number would be greater in both these schools. Reports come also of the flourishing condition of the schools at the Cheyenne, Arrapahoe, Kansas, and Quapaw agencies.

Superstition still reigns triumphant over the African mind in many parts of the country, showing how great is the need of development and instruction among those who for so many generations were in degradation. A negro man died of consumption not long ago near Port Royal, South Carolina. When dying, he accused a man named Hagood of having conjured him and given him the cough which caused his death. He recalled to his friends the fact that, about six months before, Hagood came behind him, and putting his hands on his shoulders, asked, "Who is it?" This was regarded as the death charm, and the friends of the dead man considered it as positive proof of Hagood's guilt. They therefore sent for the coroner, as though a murder had been committed. The coroner, for the sake of preserving the peace, and possibly with the hope of disabusing them of their delusion, impaneled a jury. That jury, in spite of all the instructions and charges of the coroner, persisted in rendering a verdict of murder against Hagood. According to the Port Royal *Advertiser*, Hagood was put into jail, the pardoning power of the Governor being probably his only safeguard.

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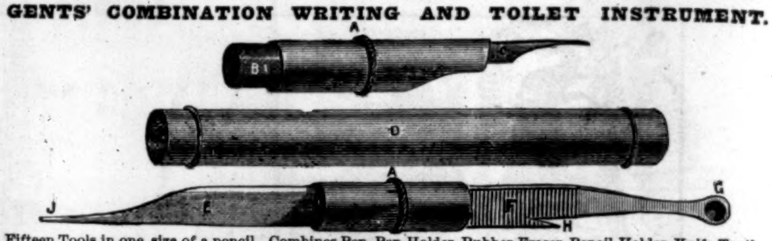

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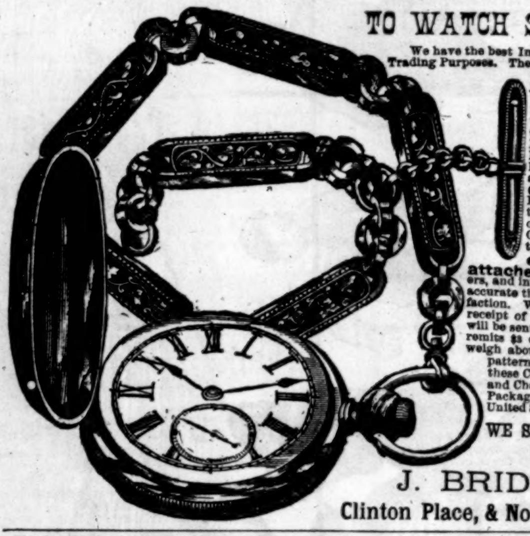

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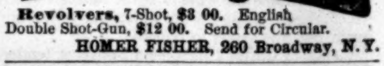

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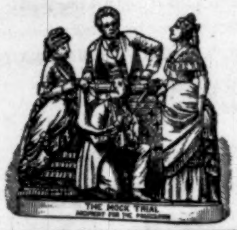

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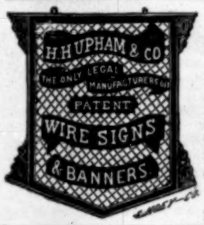

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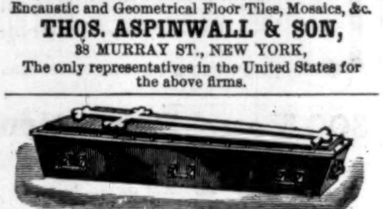

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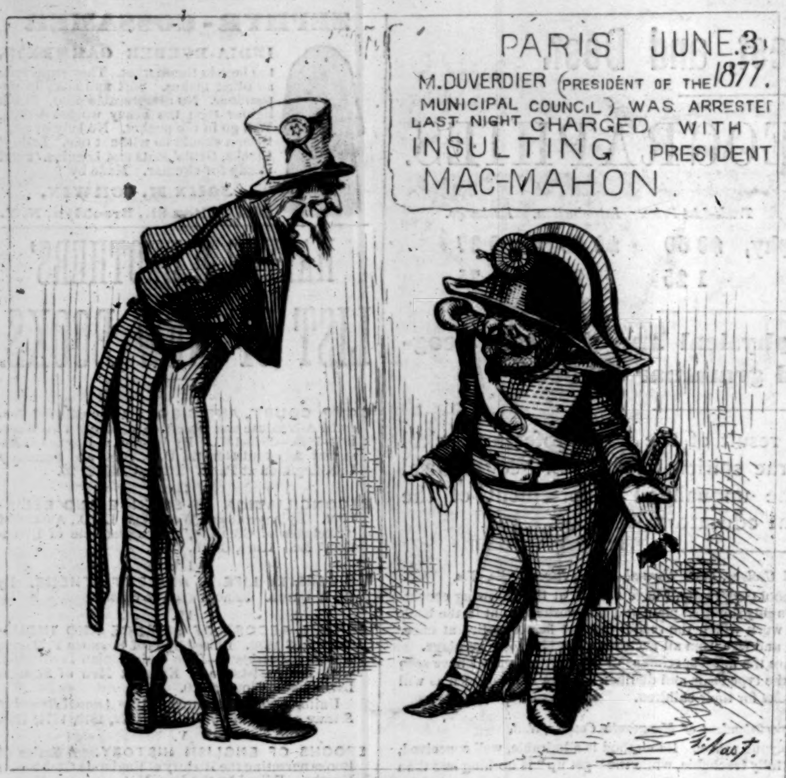
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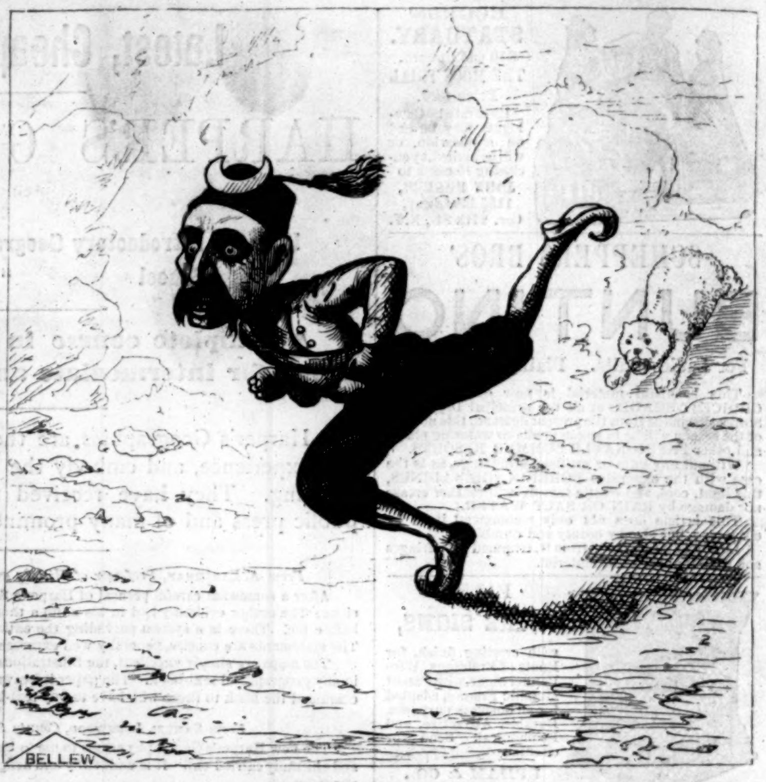

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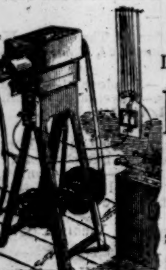

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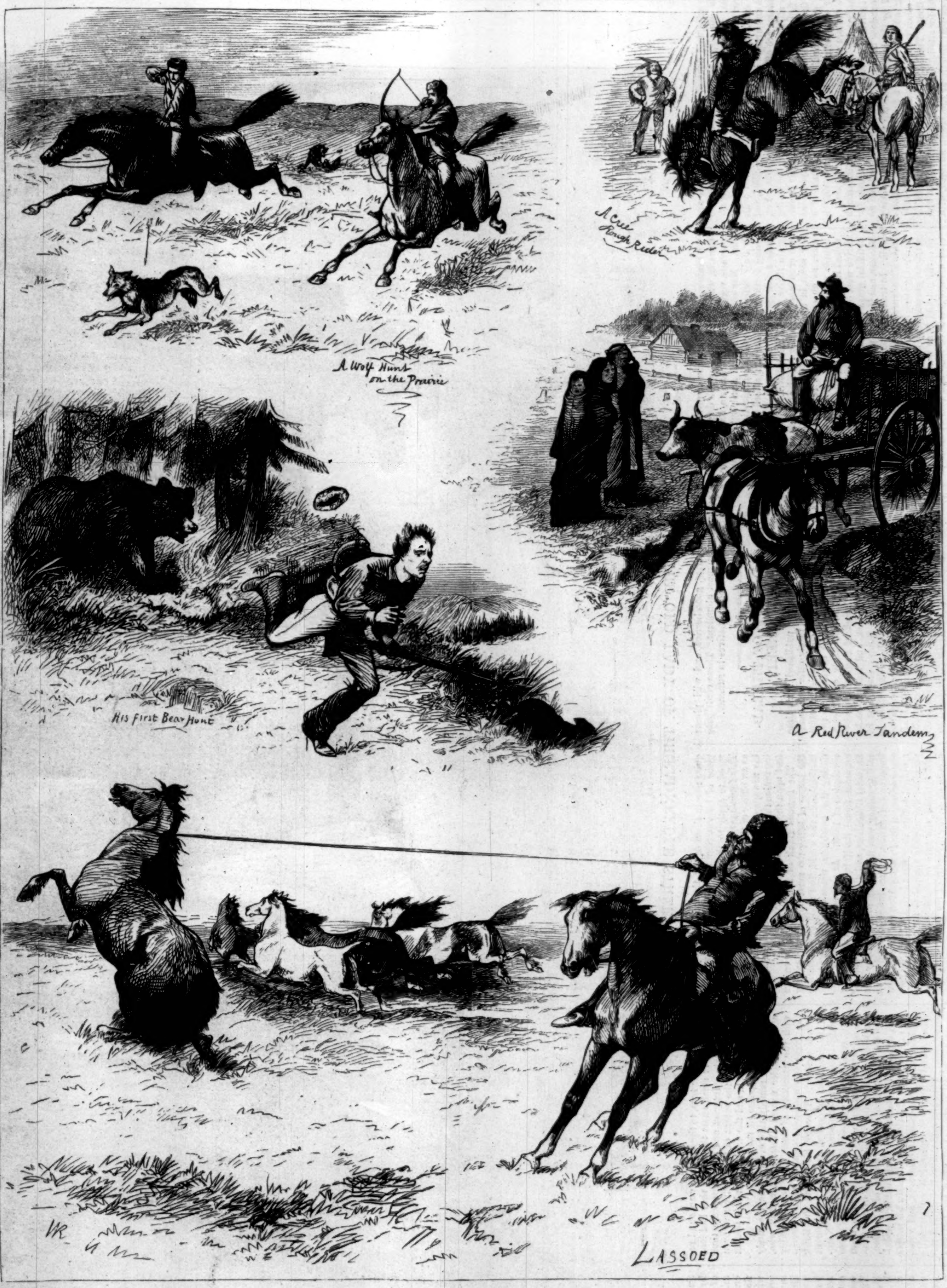


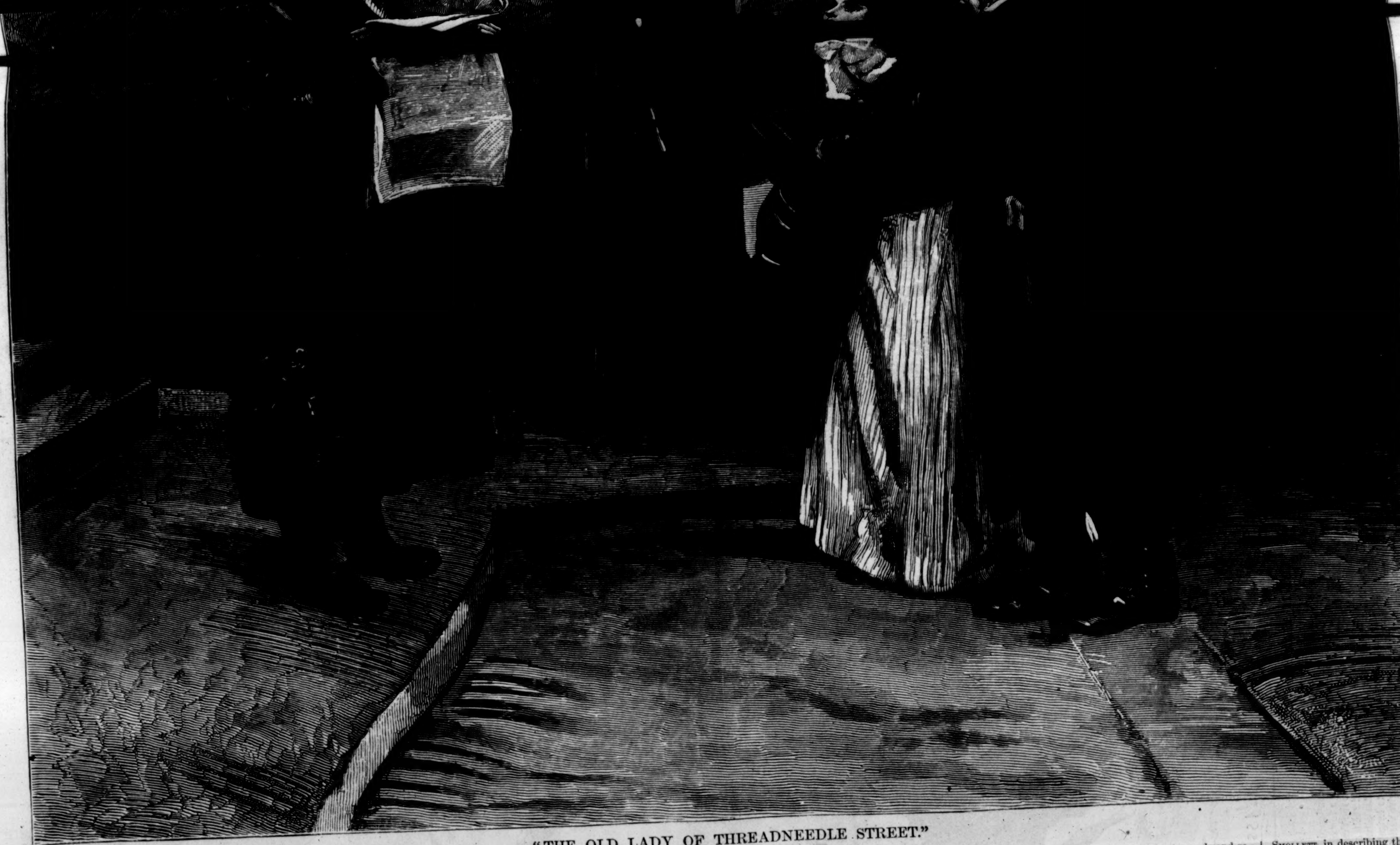
LIFE IN MANITOBA.

LIFE IN MANITOBA.

THE province of Manitoba, originally known as the Red River Settlement, until the early part of the present century formed a portion of the vast territories of the North governed by the Hudson Bay Company. In 1811 THOMAS DOUGLAS, Earl of Selkirk, an English nobleman interested in the subject of colonization, purchased from the company a tract of land whose boundaries, according to the articles of transfer, should be as follows: "To begin at a point on the western shores of Lake Winnipeg 52° 30′ north latitude; thence running due west to the Lake Winnipegoos; thence in a southerly direction so as to strike its western shore in latitude 52° north; thence due west to the intersection of the parallel 52° north latitude and the Assiniboine; thence due south to the height which separates the waters of Hudson Bay from those of the Missouri and Mississippi; thence east along that height to the source of the Winnipeg, or the principal branch of the waters which flow to the mouth of the Winnipeg River; thence in a northerly direction to the middle of Lake Winnipeg; and thence west to the place of beginning." This boundary was, however, curtailed some time afterward by the claim of the United States to all the land south of latitude 49° north.

The general aspect of this region is determined by the course of the Red River, which runs through the centre of the colony from south to north, and along whose course the settlements chiefly lie. The west side is throughout one continued level plain, interrupted here and there by a few shrubs or bushes. From Lake Winnipeg to the Pembina River there is neither a wood to yield shelter, nor, with the single exception of the Assiniboine, a tributary stream of any magnitude to irrigate the soil. No vestige of a hill rises to give variety to the landscape, and the traveller looks in vain for any thing that might diversify the monotony of the bleak and arid plain. On the east the landscape is more varied with hills and dales, and skirted at no great distance with what are called "pine hills." These elevations are covered with timber, and run parallel to the river all the way. The banks of the river are low on both sides, so that when the water rises above the level of ordinary years it meets with no restraint, and the surrounding country is inundated.

Of the wild life led by the colonists in this region of the North our readers can best judge by examining the varied and spirited series of sketches on this page. For those who have a taste for "roughing it," ample opportunities may be found in Manitoba. Formerly all this part of the country was overrun by the wild buffalo or bison, and, of course, by wolves, which are always found in the same neighborhood. At the present time, long after the bison has disappeared from the vicinity of the settlements, the wolves are sufficiently numerous to be very annoying and destructive to cattle, particularly to hogs, calves, and sheep. The former are often torn out of



"THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET."

their sties, and none of the smaller domestic animals can show themselves with safety on the plains. Even cows and horses are frequently attacked and overpowered by numbers. To check this evil, the wolves are trapped, hunted with bows and arrows and guns, poison is applied, and premiums are offered for their destruction. Yet, after all, they are still numerous during the spring and fall of the year. One cause of their haunting the settlements is the hunting expeditions that go out and back. Upon the return of a party of sportsmen, a number of these unwelcome visitors are sure to follow in their train.

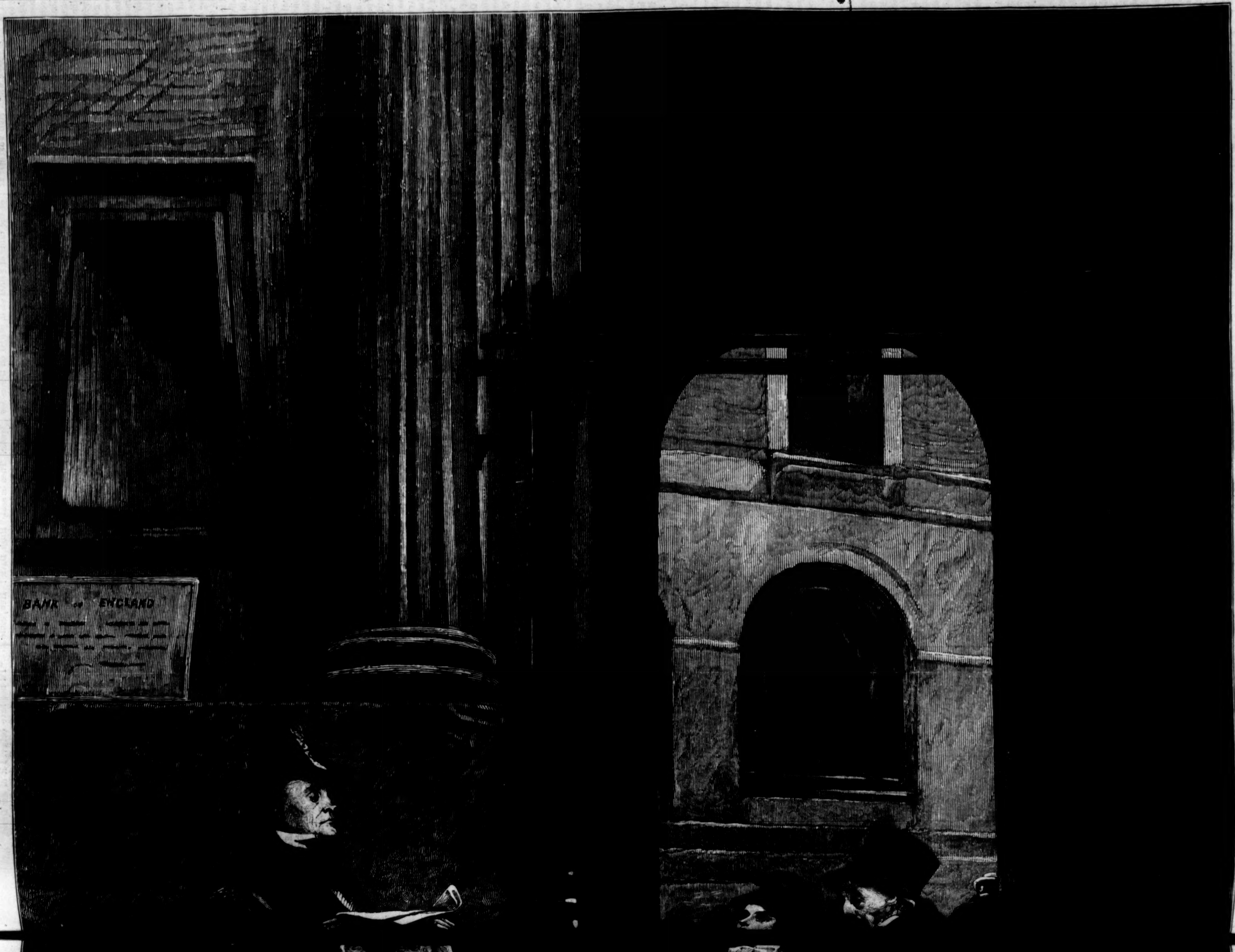
The farming interests of Manitoba suffer through the shortness of the summers. The season for the out-door labors of the farmer is rendered so brief by the long and severe winters that every thing must be done in a hurry, whence it follows that much must of necessity be neglected or only half done. The 1st of May is the earliest reliable period for setting the plough at work, and by the 20th of that month, at the latest, all seed, with the exception of barley, ought to be in the ground. The spring in Manitoba is nearly a month behind the same season in European countries; while in Canada, where almost an equal degree of cold prevails, vegetation begins nearly a fortnight earlier. May corresponds with April, but it is nearly July before the soil is sufficiently heated to bring forth its produce and afford the husbandman a fair prospect of a crop. All kinds of grain thrive well in these districts, but wheat is the crop most generally raised, and it is invariably sown in the spring. Grass may be looked upon as an exception to this rule, since the attempts made to raise red clover have usually resulted in signal failures. White clover is said to thrive well, but it is little used. Timothy is the artificial grass sown with the greatest degree of success, and in some places it thrives exceedingly well. In truth, the plains about Red River, with their abundance of waste land and their luxuriant natural grasses, leave little inducement for raising artificial grass of any kind. The natural grass is so easily got and is so nutritive that it is considered a mere waste of time and loss of labor to cultivate any of the foreign species. Wild fruits grow to perfection, but the variety is small. Cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, and wild plums are among the most abundant. These contribute largely to the food of the natives in summer.

"THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET."

Among the art pictures published from time to time in the *Weekly*, we rarely offer our readers a more striking and characteristic scene from every-day life than that depicted in the above engraving. "The old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Bank of England is irreverently called, forms a dark and solemn background, against which the figures stand out in bold relief. The first to catch the attention is the imposing beadle, dressed in the uniform of his office, and apparently endeavoring to fill all the space he can. To the right is the graceful form of a rustic little lassie, who has accompanied her aged relative to the Bank, probably to draw the small stipend upon which they must both contrive to live. Whether the situation is quite new to them or not, there is evidently some piece of information for which they have ventured to apply to the important-looking beadle. This functionary, impressed with his own dignity as an officer of the Bank, turns his attention from his newspaper to favor them with a condescending notice that seems to have an overwhelming effect upon the simple-minded strangers.

The famous Bank of England, which enjoys the honor of being the most important banking institution in the world, first came into existence during the troublous times that followed the revolution of 1688. At this epoch the new government found itself involved in all manner of financial difficulties, and the ministerial mode of raising money was degrading to so wealthy and important a nation. The duties in support of the war waged for Protestantism and liberty were required before they were levied. The City corporation was usually applied to for an advance; and interest, the rate of which probably varied according to the necessity of the borrower rather than to the real value of the money, was paid for the accommodation. The officers of the City went round, in their turn, to the separate wards and reborrowed in small sums the money they had lent to the state. Interest and premiums were thus often paid to the extent of twenty-five and even thirty per cent., and the trader found his pocket filled at the expense of the public.

A plan to remedy this evil became the study of a financier named **William Paterson**, who, with the exception of **John Law**, was probably the greatest commercial schemer of the seventeenth century. Through his efforts the Bank of England was projected, and the government finally induced to consider the proposal. Naturally, considerable opposition ensued, led by those whose purses had formerly been fattening upon the necessities of the public. The usurer foresaw the destruction of his system of extortion, and opposed the Bank with all the subtlety peculiar to his craft. The rich man foresaw his profits diminished on government contracts, and vehemently and virtuously opposed it on patriotic principles. Thus the outcries were loud and the exertions of all parties great when the bill was finally introduced into the House of Commons. **Smollett**, in describing the excitement produced by the debates that followed, says: "The scheme of a national bank had been recommended to the ministers for the credit and security of the government, and the increase of trade and circulation. **William Paterson** was the author of that which was carried into execution. When it was properly digested in the cabinet, and a majority in Parliament secured, it was introduced into the House of Commons. The supporters said it would rescue the nation out of the hands of extortioners, lower interest, raise the value of land, revive public credit, extend circulation, improve commerce, facilitate the annual supplies, and connect people more closely with the government. The project was violently opposed by a small party, who affirmed that it would become a monopoly, and engross the whole money of the kingdom; that it might be employed for the worst purposes of arbitrary power; that it would weaken commerce by tempting people to withdraw their money from trade; that brokers and jobbers would prey on their fellow-creatures, encourage fraud and gaming, and corrupt the morals of the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